TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VIII | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1932 | NUMBER 28

BRET HARTE
From a caricature by "Spy."

*Bret Harte's Tragedy**

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

EACH new life of Bret Harte becomes less picturesque and more factual. The biography which H. C. Merwin wrote in 1911 was significantly subtitled "With some account of the California pioneers," which enabled the author to supply a glowing background to the stories of the gold fields and Harte's early life in California, of which not much was really known. As Harte himself in later days permitted a legend of an Argonaut's youth to grow among his friends, so Mr. Merwin, more legitimately, built around the slender biography of Harte's California years a rich fund of anecdote and might-have-been. But when Geoffrey Bret Harte edited in 1926 the letters of Bret Harte, the frontier, the gulches, and the Sierras gave place to the story of a frustrated man whose youth, however spent, seemed important only because it was a pocket from which some gold could be continuously dug to support an exigent and apparently rather disagreeable wife at home in America. Mr. Stewart has restored California, but with most of its glamour gone. The legend of Indian fighter and intrepid express messenger is exploded, but thanks to his careful researches and good judgment, a youthful Bret Harte emerges who is consistent with the later man as we know him through his letters.

Bret Harte proves to have been neither pioneer nor Argonaut. A confirmed Easterner (as afterward a confirmed expatriate), son of a school teacher, well read and a dandy even in youth, he came as a boy to a rather dull Oakland after the saga days were over. "Gone were the flannel shirts, the knee-boots, the revolver belts; they had yielded to top hats and broadcloth." As a school teacher and perhaps, though not certainly, as an amateur prospector, he saw the mining camps when their heyday was over, when already stories were circulating of a brilliant past,

* Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile. By George R. Stewart, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $5.

(*Continued on page* 488)

What Saturday Review Readers Think

QUESTION	*Yes*	*No*	*Blank**
a. Are you buying as many books as ever?	438	920	59
b. Are you buying fewer books *only* because you cannot afford to buy more?	550	554	313
1. Are the radio and the movies distracting you from books?	147	1,254	16
2. Is the magazine usurping much of your reading time?	376	1,024	17
3. Is it becoming increasingly difficult for you to select your books because of too many books being published?	619	755	43
4. Are you buying fewer books because you feel that the quality of what you buy has fallen off recently?	389	871	157
5. Are you buying fewer books because you feel that the moral tone of literature has been lowered?	191	1,083	143
6. Is the price of books keeping you from buying as generously as you used to?	749	570	98
7. Have you become price-conscious and as a result more wary of buying?	688	533	196
8. Has the popular reprint cut in on your purchases of new books?	405	958	54
9. Has the library, rental or public, made you more of a book-borrower than a book buyer?	554	831	32
10. Are you shelf-bound in your purchases?	396	904	117
11. *A.* Is membership in book clubs limiting your book purchases?	85	1,254	78
B. Are you concentrating on book club choices and letting other titles go?	56	1,300	61
12. Do you find that publisher's advertising: *A.* fails to whet your appetite for the books advertised?	606	563	248
B. is not sufficiently far-reaching to make an impression on you?	338	623	456
C. is too full of overstatements to continue to enlist your faith?	1,050	257	110
D. is dishonest in its appeal?	734	421	262
13. *A.* Is the bookstore failing to serve you properly?	255	1,060	102
B. Would you buy more books if a bookstore were more accessible?	279	967	171
C. Do you feel the need of more bookstores?	244	1,049	124
14. *A.* Is the book review serving as a substitute for the books themselves?	431	942	44
B. Are reviews of books too uniformly enthusiastic?	604	649	164
C. Are reviews so dull that they fail to stimulate you into buying?	219	958	240

* Did not answer question.

Total number of questionnaires answered...1,417
Answers from cities..... 905—64%
Answers from towns and rural districts..... 512—36%

The Book Buyer Speaks Out

By CHARLES E. RUSH
Associate Librarian of the Yale University Library

An analysis of the questionnaire published in the Saturday Review *of December 19 and reprinted above.*

HOW perfectly simple and sensible a good idea seems to all of us, after someone suggests it and then does something about it. At last the reading-buyer is having his say. It actually occurred to someone in New York to consult him about this game of making, selecting, and selling books. Gateway receipts seemed to decrease, attendance decline, and interest wane, even before the advent of the depression. What could the matter be? Owners and coaches among the publishers had already gone into a huddle. Officials and stretcher-men among the booksellers were in dismayed conference. Those in the press box could not agree (as usual) on the difficulty. Reviewers, with time watches, sideline markers, and water buckets, ran about distractedly. Every author on the field seemed discouraged. No team work was discernible. Goals were lost in the dusk. Suddenly, out of the press box came the suggestion to interview the bleachers. Their money supports the game. Their interest makes or breaks a player, and many an owner, official, and sideline man as well. Why, surely, they might have some conclusions, some ideas. "Here they are."

Voluntarily 1,417 men and women, representing every state in the Union, together with a good representation from Canada, answered the fourteen questions placed before them by the *Saturday Review*. The response was amazing. Nearly 36% represented the small town and country districts. Less than 20% of the responses were from New York. Furthermore, 80% of the total number contributed pertinent and helpful comments on their answers, and offered additional suggestions. It is on the basis of these that the following tentative interpretations have been drawn. This expression of opinion by readers of the *Saturday Review* type deserves careful study by those who are creatively and financially concerned in the production, distribution, and appreciation of books.

At this particular time two-thirds of these 1,417 buyers are purchasing fewer books than formerly, more than half of whom attribute their reduced buying to reduced income. An equal number (38%) state that financial circumstances are not affecting their buying. Nearly a fourth of the total do not explain why they are buying more or less, but the above proportions are sufficiently indicative to be convincing evidence. Witness, however, this comment from San Francisco:

> The fact that I happen to be purchasing as many books as ever has nothing to do with the case. It appears to me merely that the book business is over-expanded. Movies, magazines, and radio have cut in, but certainly book sales are much larger than they were before these factors arrived. There are as many good books as ever being published, but there are far, far too many poor books issued. Books last no longer than a popular song and must be remaindered if they don't sell quickly. Price-consciousness, book clubs, and rental libraries are not first rate hindrances. The primary cause appears to be that publishers issue too many books, that there are too many publishers, and that promotion is scattered broadcast over hundreds and hundreds of books. There are at least sixty important publishers who issue at least twenty "important" books each year. The buying public, for all its expansion, is small, particularly those who read books. Twelve books a year is a very good average for the average book reader; thus for every book read ninety-nine others remain unread, not counting reprints, classics, and sheer pulp on which some of the book reading time of this average book reader is spent. Unfortunately the book business has grown faster than the book reading public. It will have to be curtailed through the unpleasant law of supply and demand.
>
> Most of my book-loving friends feel the same way about book buying—we would, if we could, but we can't. As it is, I buy very few books, more often poetry or biography than fiction which I read for a dime each at my local bookstore rental library.—(Philadelphia)

Be prepared now for evidence which either supports or conflicts with a very positive theory. By an overwhelming vote

This Week

HER POSTURE.
By ALLEN TATE.

"JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU."
Reviewed by GEORGE R. HAVENS.

"THE EMERGENCE OF MAN."
Reviewed by HENSHAW WARD.

"HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE."
Reviewed by GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI.

"SHERIDAN."
Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY.

"DOCTOR KERKHOVEN."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"THE GOLDEN VASE."
Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK.

"THIS MAN IS MY BROTHER."
Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

LYTTON STRACHEY.
By CLAUDE M. FUESS.

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of 10 to 1 the radio and the movies are declared to have no distracting influence on the purchase or use of books. In many circles the opposite view has been a very common alibi. Why not assume that the question is settled, at least for the devotees of good reading? Check these amusements out of the picture, save as helpful agencies. Those who serve the reading public in educational capacities have long known and repeatedly claimed that any activity which develops curiosity and increases knowledge also stimulates new reading interests. The desire to learn more about things seen and heard is a common human trait. From Mt. Vernon comes this solution: "Rather than being distracted by radio and the movies, I find books a refuge from an oversupply of *sound*."

Do magazines usurp reading time? 1,024 subscribers of the *Saturday Review* say "no"; 376 say "yes." If the question had been stated more clearly, it is probable that the negative result would have been even greater. By means of periodicals of various kinds, readers receive their most frequent and continuous reminders of books. Save in excessive use they must and surely do synchronize effectively. " 'Usurp' is a misleading word. Magazines do fill a genuine need in a cultured life. They keep the mind refreshed but they do not drive out good books. They offer an economic substitute for book-buying, however, when book prices are prohibitive." (Cincinnati) "Yes, we've had too many magazines, but our very vice has reformed us. They have become uniformly worse, and we've cancelled our subscriptions." (Detroit) It is useless to treat magazines as enemies of good books. Instead they can become the most helpful of cohorts.

Over one-half of the voters state that the multiplicity of new books does not increase the difficulties in selection; 42% [illegible] that the flood of new titles confuses

ocrity." (Salem, Mass.) That which we call literary quality is strangely elusive, and it shifts, even in definition, from year to year and decade to decade. Nevertheless, the good readers, of whom there are more these days than writers and publishers seem to realize, are constantly seeking the latest treasure. Who can answer this rebuke from Chappaqua: "The so-called 'realistic school' has written for purposes other than literary, and as a consequence literature has suffered. It is not because of the moral tone but because of the 'money' tone. That is, too many books are written for the 'best seller' list. . . . Conversely, too few books are being written (or at least being published) because they *had* to be written, and because the writer had something worth the time and effort to say. The publishers today are sound business men and see to that. No use sacrificing profits for ideals! Of course, the root of the matter lies with the public who supply the obvious demand. When literary periodicals, book reviewers, and other agencies can educate the public to *demand* more books like 'Out of Soundings,' 'Desert Island,' and 'Leigh Hunt and His Circle,' to mention only three, the literary quality will take care of itself."

An impressive 76% of those who answered the *Saturday Review* questionaire refuse to admit that they buy fewer books because they feel that the moral tone of literature has been lowered. However, the minority comments aggressively, "Good books are always wanted, but we need to know that they are good all the way through."

Surely, our friends in the publishing offices will harken unto the following advice: 749 testify that present prices are a deterrent, while 570 answer that prices are not keeping them from buying as generously as heretofore. By almost the same vote, nearly one half of the total admit [illegible] they have become price-conscious

most. I have dozens on my coveted list which I will never own f.r the above named reason." (Philadelphia) Cheer up. Many titles will be much cheaper by next Christmas!

Possibly your first guess would be that reprints affect new book purchases, but 958 of these 1,417 say they do not. However, among the remaining one-fourth there is sufficient testimony to bolster up the claims of the doubting Thomases. Reprints may not generally appeal to the majority of *Review* subscribers, even though a similar number admit that they are not buying as many books of any kind as previously. "On the whole I do my reading in the classics—in the many and sundry books of yesteryear. My buying is usually confined to special editions, literary reprints, etc. I cannot bring myself to buying books merely because they are bestsellers." (Evanston) A new day is dawning. Bestsellerism is on the point of out-moding itself.

For many years progressive public libraries have convinced most of their friends in the publishing and selling business that good library service effectively increases general book interest and book ownership. Therefore, the result of the answers to the ninth question is not surprising, although the negative returns would have been far more emphatic if the emphasis had not been placed on rental libraries, as was clearly illustrated in the comments submitted. Over 60% assure the editors that they are not becoming more of book-borrowers than book-buyers. It is repeatedly made evident that rental libraries are consciously used as a sifting device before making fiction purchases—a good idea for all concerned.

You are right—apartment houses are partially guilty. Almost one-third of the replies indicated shelf-bound conditions in as many homes. "I am a steady buyer of books and have not the proper house-room for them, but I could no more stop collecting books than I could stop eating." [illegible] The following New York

75% assert that it is too full of overstatements to continue to enlist their faith, and 50% label it as dishonest and misleading. Please reread these figures, which, if typical, represent thousands upon thousands of similar opinions throughout the country, indicating a wide-spreading adverse attitude toward the present kind of publicity of an honorable business. Why and how did this happen? Where will it lead? How soon will it end? Why spend money on that which so generally fails to interest and impress the consumer, and so consistently kills faith and produces distrust? Observe the exasperation in these comments: "Blurbs, as a whole, are making it impossible to judge a book properly and with decent respect for one's judgment." (Evanston) "The ecstatic advertisements make me wish never to lay eyes on another book. Their enthusiasm is wearying and so often shows them up as either miserable critics or dishonest exploiters." (Plainfield, N. J.) "Buying trustfully leaves on one's shelves too much that does not have a lasting value. On moving recently I was amazed to find how easy it was to part from many books I recalled having purchased eagerly with sure faith in their value." (Stony Brook, N. Y.)

It is very clear that many of our 1,417 correspondents buy direct and are without the benefit of a local bookseller, or most of them have been blessed with exceptional book retailing service. Whatever the explanation, 74% assure us that the bookstore is not failing them, 68% would not buy more books if a bookstore were more accessible, and 75% do not feel the need of more bookstores. There is, I suppose, a joker somewhere in every questionnaire sent out, and this tabulated result of answers to question 13 may perhaps be the one in this particular case. We shall not permit, however, the bookseller to escape so easily, even if he is an old friend and therefore easily offended. But business is business, and the booktrade must go on, for every educational and intellectual reason under the sun. "I haven't

cago) "The market is too flooded with small collections by unknown poets at high prices and with third-rate biographies of people one cares nothing about, most of which have too little permanent value for one to feel a desire either to reread or to own. Here and there a 'Hatter's Castle' lightens the fictional gloom, and soon there will be Vachel Lindsay to buy; but why not fewer books and better?" (Philadelphia) "Too many books are, and always have been, published, but never too many *good books*." (Chappaqua) "Too many published and too many reviewed. A good book seldom has time to be known and recognized as such, unless it happens to be an immediate best seller or through high-powered advertising becomes such. The good books are lost sight of and seldom are we reminded of them after the first reviews." (Buffalo) Nature has an effective way of taking care of overproduction. This natural law is now in operation.

Are fewer books bought today because of any lessening in quality? 61% say "no"; over one-fourth say "yes." Even so, in comments on both sides of this argument we find this universal sentiment which should be a guide to all who write, publish, and sell: "Books which we want to read only once, we try not to buy." From Tuckahoe comes this stinging criticism: "Publishers are culpable in not exercising editorial powers and barring from the press many modern manuscripts. Perhaps, instead of sermons of 1720, we must suffer the psychoanalysts, pseudo-scientists, and the indiscretionists." If the question had been phrased, "Would you buy more books today if literary quality determined publication?" the majority of this group of readers certainly would have voted affirmatively. The following is quite typical of the remarks of those voting "no": "The trade needs higher standards of publishing, more good new literature, better printing and binding, more reprints of standard books in better editions. There is nothing so much the matter with the book business as mass production and its attendant curse of medi-

buying classes in this country, bookmen may well consider the telling effect which current prices have on the consumer. Such experiences as this affect goodwill: "I have been particularly disgusted with certain recent trade practices of ——, who, three months after I purchased their two volume edition of ——, came out with a one volume edition at half price. It will be a long time before I buy another book having their imprint." (Mt. Vernon) Book buying has become an economic problem as here illustrated: "I am interested in non-fiction of authentic information, poetry, criticism, and fiction of the Cather, Fisher, and Galsworthy standard. Such fiction and all desirable books of poetry sell at the cheapest at $2.50 a volume. New non-fiction runs double that amount. At Christmas I wished to give my friends books of current attraction. They received leather goods, lingerie, and jewelry—there were no new books worth purchasing at $2.00, which was the limit of my legitimate expenditure." (Cincinnati) In many quarters it is more than a problem: "From a mere living wage I am now obliged to take a ten percent cut, so books will be more of a luxury than ever, since the ones I like rarely cost less than $2.50 when new, and that is when I want them

it seems to be sensible to devote as much space as possible to works that have stood the test of time. The last thirty books which I read were obtained as follows:

From rental libraries.....	13
From public libraries....	5
Borrowed from friends..	6
Purchased	6

Booksellers take note! Book clubs are not limiting the book purchases of 1,254 *Review* readers. Only 85 admit any effect. A still greater number (1,300) say that they are not concentrating on book club choices. Convincing? Why worry? There can be no question in cases like this: "Book clubs are a help to people who want to read good books but haven't the sense to subscribe to a good review, or think for themselves. Personally, I like to select my own reading." (Boston) The clubs will serve the trade helpfully, if they are encouraged to do so.

At this point we ask for the serious attention of the publishers, as the following figures surely demonstrate the need of emergency consideration. A *majority* of those voting announce that publishers' advertising fails to interest them, nearly *one half* state that such advertising is not sufficiently far-reaching to impress them,

ence of a stimulating shop such as the Hampshire Bookshop in Northampton influenced me to buy a wide diversity of books." (Montclair) "I want to be able to go to a store, buy the book, and walk out with it under my arm. Can I do this? Not in Cincinnati, I can't, because nine times out of ten they do not have the book. When I think of my disappointments in trying to purchase books in Cincinnati I don't know whether to laugh or weep." "Here in —— the buyers have little discrimination, they never seem to discover the exceptional but care only for the general run of things. When I go away to the Hathaway Shop in Wellesley, the Vassar Coöperative, and many New York shops, I find myself returning with armsful." (New Jersey) "Why couldn't a bookstore have a selection nook stocked with samples from which customers could order? Even far west one would need to wait only a week or two." (Detroit) That is a good idea, with which some good seller will experiment.

Well, how about the book reviews, which seemingly so seldom suit anyone from author to reader? The report to date of this jury is as follows: nearly two-thirds do not substitute reviews for books, one half feel that most reviews are too uniformly enthusiastic, while 69% say that they are not so dull (in the *Review*, at least) that they fail to stimulate buying. Well, that isn't whitewash altogether, is it? Apparently there is some room for improvement. Now and then someone does agree with somebody's review, but, as none whom we know agrees with the two, they hardly ever seem to be cases worth recording as to unanimity. "I have in mind honest book reviews, as much of the reviewing now done is similar to the publishers' advertisements which always herald a masterpiece." (Garden City) "The enthusiasm is too often that of a specialist in the field of the book reviewed, so that one less conversant with the fact, condition, or

Her Posture

By ALLEN TATE

NOW twenty-four or maybe twenty-five
Was the woman's age, but her white brow was sleek;
Lips parted in surprise; the flawless cheek;
The long brown hair coiled sullenly alive;
Her hands, dropt in her lap, could never arrive
At the novel on the table, being weak;
Nor breath, expunger of the mortal streak
Of nature, its own tenement contrive:
For look you how her body stiffly lies
Just as she left it, unprepared to stay,
Her posture waiting on the sleeping eyes,
While the body's life deep as a foul well,
Instinctive as the wind, busy as May,
Burns out a secret passageway to hell.

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times treated can never get even approximately close to the viewpoint of the writer. But worse than their enthusiasm is the vacillation of most reviewers. If they have adverse opinions, they hesitate to express them, and, when they do, it is generally a pretty awful book whose review doesn't conclude with 'but with all its faults it is well worth reading after all'" (Woodhaven, N. Y.). "Why do not publishers present occasional lists of their outstanding books of the past decade or quarter century?" (Port Richmond.) Notwithstanding these and many common adverse remarks throughout the trade, literary criticism is not passing into any decline or decay. It clearly reflects the lights and shadows of the present situation, being one of the important facets in the changing book setting. Those who criticize too quickly may have been confused by the recent enormous increase in flashing new mediums, page press advertising, and wide variety of paid publicity. Try looking at it in a different light.

The book business in these days is reminiscent in methods and opportunities of the farming that is done in the overtilled, weary-worn, small New England farms. Neither of the two seems able to get on a production paying basis. It appears to be difficult for both to accumulate enough to venture west, even as far as the tens of thousands of tillable acres whose soil offers far greater possibilities, or is easily made so.

It is possible for publishers to find out what subjects are interesting to readers and also how much such subjects are read. Instead of guessing at reader interest, they can actually ascertain it. In attempting to supply what they think readers want, they fail to realize that great numbers of today's readers are not obtaining what they really want. What readers read and what they want may be, and often are, utterly different. The preferences and needs of the average reader have been neglected by most publishing concerns. Reader taste cannot be superimposed like French styles. People who read cannot be regimented by anything—by books least of all!

The book trade will, of course, struggle through the present crisis. The situation is made unusual by the courage of the industry to undertake a spiritual and physical revival during a financial depression. There are critical problems to be faced and answered, but book consumption conditions are not on the whole discouraging, even in the buying field, as can be seen by the returns supplied by this questionnaire. This data, while not complete and although devoid of the critical trappings of analysis, does present a constructively hopeful outlook for the early future. Its observations and findings are those of warm personal friends, whose concern and judgment are often of greater value than many tables of cold, detailed statistics. We should take home their suggestions, each one making his own interpretations with the understanding that the one who disagrees may be right after all.

Reading generally is on the increase. That we know without question. Libraries everywhere all over this country are experiencing the heaviest use in their history—a natural result of every depression. People are reading for courage, information, professional opportunity, vocational readjustment, and in order to forget their troubles. Similar evidence of increase may not be felt now in the business circles of the book world, but a reaction similar to that following the recent war will be felt when release from economic insecurity and both money and leisure are in sight. It must not be forgotten that among all classes and groups there is also more *thinking* done in times of stress. Progressive bookshops can help meet the situation by adapting specific types of reading to fit individual needs, interest, and experiences. There are increasing and repeated demands for such informative material, offering constructive selling opportunities and service.

It is the duty of the book-trade to meet them at least half way.

Rudyard Kipling is to publish a book of short stories, written during the last few years, in the spring.

Vagabond of Geneva

JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU. By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. HAVENS
Ohio State University

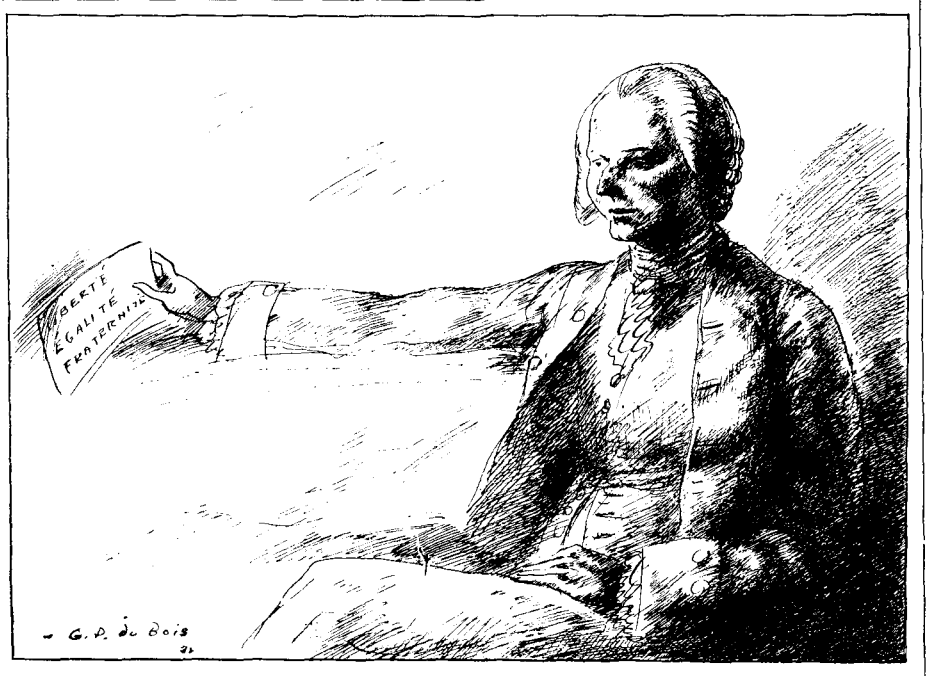
THIS is a notable biography. With what may be called objective sympathy the author recreates for us Rousseau's *milieu* and its effect upon him, but recreates it in the main legitimately, in harmony with the known facts or with the probabilities of the situation. Obviously Josephson has lived his Rousseau, imaginatively identified himself with him, and not merely read him in the ordinary sense of the term. The result is an impression of reality, of an actual person brought before us in the flesh, not of one long since buried in the remote past.

Not that we have here an attempt at a *vie romancée*, one of those fictionized biographies too often jazzed up for public consumption, which are neither flesh nor fowl, neither history nor romance. Utilizing the carefully documented studies published during the last twenty-five years in the "Annales Jean-Jacques Rousseau," profiting by the work of Ritter, Masson, Schinz, Courtois, Mrs. McDonald, and other scholars, drawing extensively upon the new critical editions of Rousseau's Correspondence now in process of publication by Pierre-Paul Plan from the papers of the late Théophile Dufour, Josephson presents to us, on the whole credibly, the incredible romance of this Genevan vagabond who was to shake Europe and the world with his ideas. The author does not, any more than Rousseau himself, attempt to conceal the sordid moments of his life, sordid moments so bitterly expiated in remorse which contributed gradually and painfully to his moral growth. Josephson deals sanely with the persecution mania of Rousseau's later years, a delusion, but a delusion by no means wholly devoid of a factual basis. Rousseau's ideas are presented, as they always should be, but too often are not, in the light of their setting and their meaning in the eighteenth century, a method which offers the surest basis for considering their validity today. In the main this new biography of Rousseau is well-written, fair, and accurate. Since perfection, however, is very hard to attain, there are certain minor defects which should be pointed out.

There is a tendency at times to stress unduly the uniqueness of Rousseau's contribution, ignoring the presence of similar ideas in his predecessors or contemporaries, without whom indeed he would have had no audience ready prepared to listen to him. There is a persistent unfairness in the discussion of Voltaire, who seems to have become Josephson's *bête noire* as he was Rousseau's. Voltaire could hardly be expected to accept lightly Rousseau's attack upon the theater and his seeming defection from the philosophic party. Moreover, Rousseau had definitely provoked him in 1760 by an astounding letter which contained the startling words: "I do not like you, Sir. . . . I hate you in short," words hard indeed to accept with equanimity. From that time on, Voltaire characteristically fought Rousseau at every turn by fair means or foul. This is most regrettable and should in no way be condoned. At the same time it should be remembered that Voltaire, too, was a bundle of taut-strung nerves, who, if he did not cross the borderline of sanity, as Rousseau did, nevertheless deserves to be understood in the light of his great qualities, and not merely excoriated or ridiculed for his admittedly grave defects. If Josephson has not done this, it merely shows how difficult it is for one person to be at the same time equally fair to both these divergent men of genius.

There are also scattered through the book occasional errors of fact or statement, not usually very important in affecting general interpretation, but which should be eliminated in future editions. For example, there are mistranslations or significant omissions from the important letters of Mme. d'Epinay to Rousseau at the moment of the crisis at the Hermitage. Josephson forces the note when he quotes Rousseau as writing that even his dog was "naturally good." As a matter of fact, Rousseau wrote simply that his dog was good natured, *d'un bon naturel*, which is less piquant and has nothing to do with Rousseau's characteristic philosophy. The incident is of little importance in itself but shows the danger of straining after an amusing effect. Josephson states categorically that it was Dr. Tronchin of Geneva who divulged to Voltaire the dread secret of Rousseau's abandoned children. Ducros, a careful writer, wrote simply: "I believe that . . . Tronchin *may have been* (*a pu être*) the one who divulged the secret." The difference between a certainty and a strong possibility is after all great, and every historical writer should be constantly on his guard against overstatement and the consequent creation of new errors. If Josephson has new evidence on this point, he has not at any rate referred to it. Other similar examples might be given, but these will serve as illustrations.

A final observation is pertinent. Here is a work which aims to be a definitive biography of Rousseau in English. In many ways it comes very near indeed to attaining that aim. It has evidently been carefully and thoughtfully prepared. Why should it not make a much wider use than it does of footnotes giving authorities and references for all moot points, whether questions of fact or of opinion? By suitable abbreviations these references could be made so compact that they would not annoy the general reader; they could indeed, if necessary, be relegated to the end of the volume. Even the Rousseau specialist must find it difficult to check some of Josephson's statements and for the non-specialist this is well-nigh impossible, yet the need of such checking of details is evident. Such a use of references tends inevitably to a wholesome increase of caution on the part even of the most cautious author, it adds greatly to the permanent value of his work to the scholarly world, it need not be so bulky as to bother the general reader. Thus publisher, author, and reader would have everything to gain, and nothing to lose, if this method were followed in the case of every really important and carefully prepared biography such as this unquestionably is. Let us hope that it may gradually become the accepted practice in America to protect the reader in this way and reduce to a minimum the repetition or the creation of error. Mr. Josephson's work is in general so good that it deserves to have added to it supplementary pages furnishing the detailed documentation which might inaugurate a new practice in this respect.



JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU.
Drawn for the *Saturday Review* by Guy Pène du Bois.

Mental Emergence

THE EMERGENCE OF MAN. By GERALD HEARD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932. $2.75.

Reviewed by HENSHAW WARD

AN epitome may be a moth which eats out the poetry of history, but Mr. Heard's poetical history of mental emergence must be epitomized if a review of it is to mean anything. I have used all my conscience and intellect to assemble the following abstract, trying to make it sequent and to present the author's purpose truly.

"The aim of this essay is to see whether under all the increasing complexity of history a single process and a single cause can be discovered . . . It is the emergence of man's spirit as self-conscious, critical intelligence which is the clue to an explanation of all his acts." The emergence is described as occurring in two great eons: "All the development of protocivilization is symptomatic of a slow intensification of consciousness which at a certain point emerged over the threshold." During this first eon "man was not individualized as we are. The unit of humanity was not the physical individual. The unit was the society, group, horde, or nation—and when it acted, then all its constituents were united and mixed in it, as are the cells in the body, though individual, united, and moved by the unity and direction of the individual organism." The emergence of mind into the second eon was typified in Egyptian history, which 'gives us in outline the history of an experience which all other civilizations went through in their parallel advance . . . The life of Aknaton is therefore of world historical importance, because he is the first individual in history . . . the first complete person to be entirely precipitated . . . In the eighth century B. C. individuals appeared so generally and in such numbers that religion suddenly was transformed in the interest of individuality." This individualizing of mind was perilous: "What civilization has to fear is the unavoidable growth of individuality and self-consciousness." From this stage of the growth of individuality man is now advancing to a third stage: "There are two great crises of our racial destiny. The first was when man ceased to be an animal, and the second when he ceased to be an individual . . . Man had to cast this final husk of his animal individual self, its uniqueness, worth, and dignity that he might realize that man is something more than men and that the mind which is growing in them they do not own and use, but it owns and uses and it is fulfilled as it uses them up. There is nothing mystical in this. It is all part of the evolutionary emergence of man. . . . This power of the mind to interpret itself is man's emergence to a completely higher level of being. . . . Psychology began to interpret man to himself, or to put it more startlingly but more accurately, man's impersonal mind began to be able to grasp not only the universe but man in it. . . . The new psychology teaches mind how to use the human mind to apprehend itself and with that human mind to get an increasingly enlarged objective view of the outer world." This larger view is being obtained through science: "Science is not a technique but a spirit, a philosophy, a certain vast expansion of the mind of man. No one can set its limits . . . By 'modern man' I mean all capable of science."

With this exaltation of science I am somewhat in sympathy. I am not out of

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sympathy with most of the historical matter that Mr. Heard uses, though I gasp occasionally at statements of this sort: "Pastoral nomads are spontaneously monotheistic." Yet I cannot feel that the book gives any information about the development of the human mind, or throws any light of useful interpretation. To me the chapters seem like fitful and fantastic weavings of insubstantial theory around the heap of plain facts which everybody recognizes. For example, what concrete existence has this "new psychology" which is said to be exerting a profounder effect on man than all his other discoveries? I know not where to lay hand on it. It seems to be only some quintessence or idolon of a psychology that might be supposed to exist somewhere.

But I am confident that many readers, equipped with the proper philosophic intuition, will perceive in "The Emergence of Man" profound depths of new and vital meaning. Such readers will sense the meaning in the epitome that I have given.

Henshaw Ward is the author of a number of books including "Exploring Nature," "The Circus of the Intellect," and "Exploring the Universe."

Bret Harte's Tragedy

(*Continued from page* 485)

while the exhausted gravel was being winnowed for the last of its gold. His real youth was as a boy-in-search-of-a-job, who was fortunate to drift into journalism. Far from being the self-ordained bard of the gold rush, his idea was to produce the amenities of literature in a community whose lawless toughness he despised. The mines and the miners did not become subjects for his pen (except for satire) until they had taken on the faint tinge of romance of things past. Then, suddenly, he saw in them precisely the kind of romantic age which Dickens celebrated in his sagas of the stage coach.

He surprised California, and perhaps himself, with the humorous sentiment of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." No one supposed that ore of that kind could be drawn from the rough-neck diggings. And yet it was, of course, precisely what the humanitarian age all over the Western world wanted. As Lord Leighton said of his work when introducing him to the toast of "Literature" at the Royal Academy dinner in 1880: "A pathos so deep, so tender and so penetrating that we rise from his pages half believing that wrong is an untoward accident in the world, and goodness the one abiding, inextinguishable thing." And in America, particularly in 1868, when "The Luck" swept from West to East, we were at the very beginning of that gilded age when polite literature in violent reaction against the realities of war, the bitterness of Reconstruction, and the demoralization of the Great Expanding, was pouring out sentiment like a flowing balm. There was a need to know that "goodness" resided in men and that wrong (as in Harte's earlier story "M'liss") was "an untoward accident"; there was a heartfelt desire to believe that the predatory and sinful would be as noble as the good and the innocent if circumstances, as in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," could be rightly arranged; there was a ready acceptance of Yuba Bills and Col. Starbottles, who were humorously dissolute but also humanly good if you could catch them in the sunshine. And indeed there is no better epitome of the change which came over American literature from the austere and unsentimental writing of the great New Englanders to the new school which made men weep and made them laugh than in the extraordinary history of the few stories and fewer poems upon which Bret Harte's reputation rests. By a process like conversion, a sensitive Easterner with a journalist's pen sees in the famous roughs of Sandy Bar and Red Gulch exactly the symbols for which the reading world was yearning. The big bad men of an age of tumult wrapped in the cellophane of humor and guaranteed to have gentle hearts! Tennessee's partner saying all that can be said for a ruffian and more for his own, demonstrating a Christ-like nature under dirt and illiteracy, is in essence the Bret Harte achievement.

But could he have won such success with material less fascinating and less widely advertised than the saga which the Argonauts supplied? With the exception of satiric verse like "The Heathen Chinee," which is not really satiric but humorous and as rich in sentiment as his stories, Harte never through a long life opened any other successful vein. That may have been due to his financial collapse in the East, which made capitalization of what he already had imperative; it may have been due to the long succession of years on alien soil when he could earn the surplus of $150 and then $250 a month which he sent to his family, only by beginning a new story on the heels of an old one, with California always the best seller. Yet the fact of his narrow inspiration is significant.

And the rigidity of his patterns, especially his moral or psychological patterns, is significant also. His realism, for example, is genuine, but it is held within very narrow limits. The "blond giant" of his stories, drunkard, naive adventurer, yet child lover and sentimentalist, had seemed to me a purely literary creation, a Dickens character in boots and stained jumpers, until I met him in the flesh in a remote, belated Sierra diggings. A vividness and reality of portraiture there undoubtedly was in his stories, but only skin deep. Harte was a "good" man in the sense which the gilded age and the Victorians generally gave to that word. Certain moral classifications were as rigidly fixed in his writings as the *mores* of the Homeric Greeks. For an American the line he drew between classes was sharp; his sex line was even sharper. Many of his most poignant effects (as in "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and the "Idyll of Red Gulch") were gained by vivid contrasts of the pure and impure, both viewed sympathetically, but with no illusions as to a possible crossing or blurring of the line. And he could not escape melodrama when he left his Argonauts for different subjects. California *was* stagy, and his stories are less melodramatic than the Boucicault melodrama he admired, because he had known the gold fields and the still Spanish foothills at detached first hand, and, to the eye of detachment, their reality, refined in memory and enriched by anecdote, was romantic without strain of the truth. But such naifs as the blond sentimentalists, such juxtapositions of Boston school marms and Jack Hamlins as he loved to use, seemed and, indeed, were pure melodrama away from the mines and the pines. The romantic moment once departed, the excitement of novelty subsided, an imagination that saw life in such a fashion could repeat the experience in the prosaic world only at the risk of creating such gilded absurdities of drama as Christopher Morley's Hoboken revival made fun of a few years ago. Harte's mind was safe only in California. The stories he wrote of the Argonauts cannot be farced. They are naive, sentimental, unreal in their psychology, but the best of them have the stamp of "this once and for a moment could have been."

His humor, too, which saves from utter commonplaceness some of his later stories, is real but singularly limited. In satire he used it only occasionally, in sentiment it plays on the surface, leaving most of the realities untouched. And indeed his letters give the impression of a man whose usual mood was melancholy. I doubt whether his inner life, or his unhappy experiences with loneliness, penury, and struggle seemed to him literary material. That was not what people wanted, nor what he could express. As a Howells or as a James he would probably have been dull.

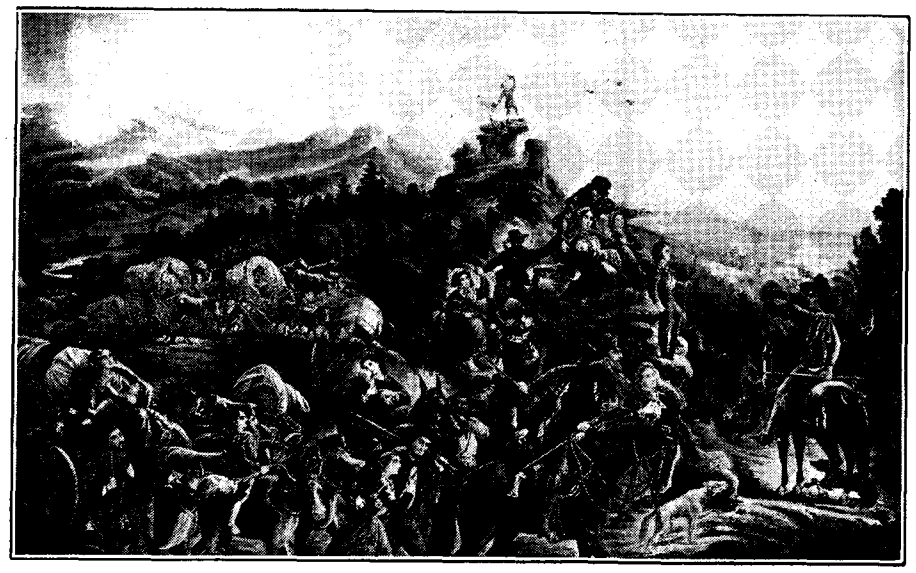
It was not Mr. Stewart's duty to study the literary development of Harte, indeed he expressly eliminates literary criticism from his task. Nevertheless mere technical skill must be added to his reasons for Harte's success; and technical skill, the ability, under almost any circumstances, and with sometimes very indifferent material, to write a readable story, was responsible for his long bondage to hackdom. Like many short-story writers since, he learned that a ready market in the magazines meant no opportunity for experiment, and no excuse for escaping financial obligations which were estimated upon his capacity to earn, not upon potential genius. I doubt whether anyone in any generation since has been able to write better directed, better organized short stories than Bret Harte's best. They are technical models for what the editor of magazines of large circulation know will be certain to capture and hold the interest of the majority of readers. How he learned is a mystery, not lifted by this book. The "sketches" he wrote before "The Luck of Roaring Camp," even such a story as "M'liss," were loose and rambling, mere tales at best, and in narrative workmanship amateur by comparison with Poe's stories of a generation earlier. Mr. Stewart thinks that it was Harte's shift from city snobbery to a romantic appreciation of the Argonauts that caused the "miracle" of "The Luck." Surely it was more than that. For "The Luck" is not just told; it is constructed, held in suspense; it has mass, aim, and point, such as no one had given the English short story before except in a few mystery stories and the aforesaid tales of Poe. When Kipling began it was from Harte that he learned his art of emphasis, as his earliest volumes show.

Poe was clearly not Harte's model, although doubtless he read him. Much more probably the impulse came from the same necessities which had disciplined Poe's talents, the necessities and the opportunities of magazine publication, which was still the American writer's best chance. Brevity and points are its requirements. And it is surely not without significance that "The Luck" appeared in a new magazine, for which Harte was responsible, which was, in fact, his stake in life if he was ever to be more than an employee in the mint, and which was to be, not, as has often been supposed, the mouthpiece of California, but a Western rival of *The Atlantic Monthly*, which was regarded as, and probably was, the best magazine in the world.

Harte's literary tragedy was consumated in the East in 1871 whence he had come heralded across the continent and where he began with the best literary contract ever offered to an American author for a year's work. After that there were only the miseries of lecturing, and a long melancholy of exile in consulship and hack story writing, ameliorated by the kindnesses of a friendly England.

What happened? The record does not tell. He was dilatory in that fateful year in sending in his work, and that work, with few exceptions, was not first rate; he was extravagant and his wife was probably more so. But most of all he suffered, I think, from the very conditions of publication which seemed so favorable. His contract was for twelve separate contributions a year, enough to keep him busy, and yet, when published, dead to him financially, for there was little profit in book sales. Even if his fulfilment of the contract had been satisfactory, there would have been twelve more masterpieces to write next year! Much later, when once again he was dependent entirely upon his pen for support, he had to start a new story the instant the last was completed in order to earn, not $10,000 which was Field's price in 1871, but not much more, it seems from the record, than $5,000 a year. And yet one reason why he stayed in England was that he could get better prices there for his stories.

Such a crash from fame and affluence at home to a scramble for pennies abroad was a tragedy for Harte, but not so tragic in the view of American literature as the failure of this considerable talent to rise above his early and brief success in a lifetime of work. And that failure, I think, must be attributed, not to America nor to the state of the publishing business, nor to his wife's exigencies, nor to his own character, but solely to the evident fact that his ore was all in one pocket and little of it rich. He found it, as they used to say in California, under the grass roots, and like the old prospectors he was a nugget hunter only. The finer, more abundant gold of the mother lode of literature (to carry the figure to the breaking point) was beyond his reach, because it was beyond his comprehension.



LEUTZE'S CONCEPTION OF THE WESTWARD TREK WHICH SETTLED BRET HARTE'S CALIFORNIA.

The new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon is to be opened on April 23rd, the new librarian has installed a bookshelf containing all recent Shakespearean publications of importance which visitors may inspect at their leisure.

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Published weekly by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry Seidel Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid, in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 8. No. 28.
The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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History and Program

HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE. By FRANCESCO DE SANCTIS. Translated by JOAN REDFERN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

THIS work can be understood and appreciated by American readers only on one condition: that they do not take it for one of those manuals bristling with dates, facts, titles, and bibliographical indications, which present-day readers prize so highly; nor for one of those books so dear to the heart of students which claim to liberate them from the necessity of reading the classics and furnish them with the pretext of fighting shy of the very subject matter to be studied. In short, that they do not look upon it as a repertory, an encyclopedia, a summary, an outline, or one of those wonder-working and at the same time abominable skeletons which the cocksure, simple-minded propagator of our contemporary, superficial, helter-skelter culture, would stand in place of living beings, vital ideas, personal viewpoints, and independent opinions. It is something quite different. Italians of the last few generations, since the advent of Benedetto Croce, have studied it as a history of the Italian mind of the past and as a prophecy of the mind of the future, as a history book and at the same time as a program that proposes a line of action, written with the ken of the astronomer and the seer.

Works of this kind are destined to have a troubled existence,—now to be placed on a pedestal, now to be trampled in the dust. A generation ago in Italy one mentioned De Sanctis only to poke fun at his errors (which, after all, boil down to a few erroneous attributions in the first chapter) and to single him out as an example of that "fantasia" which the budding scholar, trained in the rigid, scientific, so-called German method so extolled at the time, ought to shun.

The generation which pretended to measure the human mind with a yardstick and weigh it in a chemist's balance, affected a supercilious attitude toward De Sanctis and held as of small account the pages in which he had poured forth the rich stores of an acute and critical mind.

With the dawn, however, in Italy of a new day of vigorous literary and philosophical criticism following upon the activity of Croce and Gentile, collaborators in the new militant review, *La Critica*, all the writings, major and minor, of De Sanctis, which had long been lying neglected, were brought to public notice. As a result, several new editions and countless reprints of his works appeared. And today, in the secondary schools of Italy, De Sanctis is deemed of capital importance.

When De Sanctis wrote his "History of Italian Literature" he had uppermost in his mind the political plight of Italy which, at this time, had just emerged from her struggle for independence. Rid at last of the foreign yoke, the country seemed to pause, wearied by the conflict, with no great minds capable of guiding her destinies, a prey to uncultured, greedy generations, frequently corrupt and unquestionably devoid of the lofty ideals which had animated Mazzini and Cavour in their crusade for national unity. De Sanctis's work was a chronicle of the 'formation" of the Italian spirit during the centuries of religious and civic fervor of the communes, and of its "disintegration" during that period of feverish striving for the universal that was the Renaissance; of its lethargy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of its renascence under the influence of the champions of modern literature, men who at last linked thought with action, joined the pen with the sword, the brain with the heart, as did Parini, Alfieri, Manzoni, Leopardi.

But as has happened in many a similar case, while the aims De Sanctis recorded were of the time the work he created belonged to eternity. Columbus set out to find a new and shorter passage to the Indies but discovered instead a new continent; in the same way, De Sanctis attempted to educate and "reform" the Italians of his time, and ended by demonstrating how the literary critic had to approach a work of art.

Was this approach of De Sanctis to the study of literature indeed a new one? To us it may seem age-old; yet at his time it was not only new but revolutionary. New it was and it still remains unsurpassed. He did not set himself the question whether a literary work must conform to an accepted ideal or academic model; he did not ask the writer he was examining what his ideas happened to be; rather he sought to put himself into that author's place, to identify himself with his spirit, and see whether he had actually succeeded in doing what he had set out to do, whether he had been able to give adequate expression to the world he felt stirring within him, whether a poetical coherence and logic knit the various parts of the work into a harmonious whole. And he asked nothing more of the poet than that he be a poet, of the artist than that he be an artist, laying down as a fundamental canon the independence of a work of art from the ethical or the practical in life.

Examining, one by one, the works of Italian literature, from the early Sicilian poets of the thirteenth century to the Italian poets of the nineteenth, he revealed to the reader the very soul of each of them, and as if by magic, he displayed them in all their beauties and all their defects. Thus, "recreating" each individual work from "within" and not simply judging it from its conformity to an abstract model of beauty, De Sanctis pointed out the parts that continued to live and those that were dead, the organs which were vital to its existence and the artificial ones which had been grafted in by the indiscriminating writer. In this manner, the writers of Italy are "recreated" by his pen: we feel them pulsate with life, the heartbeats of their emotions are transmitted to us, and the barrier of gone-by centuries no longer prevents us from making their spirit our own.

De Sanctis's style is swift, vivid, incisive. He was accused by pedants of being too journalistic and of not writing a "pure" Italian. But his spirit thirsted for "concreteness." Never do we find in him a superfluous word, an empty idea, a silly remark. One reads him with pleasure, but not with the sort of pleasure with which one reads writers of facile style. One reads him with profit because he always treads on firm ground.

Francesco De Sanctis lived in an age of turmoil. First among his passions was his cult for liberty, and under the Bourbon domination, rather than renounce this ideal, he did not hesitate to suffer persecution and go into exile. An exile, at Zurich, he was forced to teach. When the golden dream of his youth was realized and he could once more set foot in his country, he entered public life and was successively journalist, deputy, and minister of Public Education. He felt duty-bound to strive for the best interests of his country and did not allow himself, as did Mazzini, to be disheartened by the inferiority of his own compatriots, nor did he make them the butt of his jibes as Carducci was wont to do.

He had a number of disciples, even during his lifetime, but full recognition came to him only after one generation had gone by. Benedetto Croce, taking over the problems which De Sanctis had approached without having been able to discover their roots, and appropriating what were sound suggestions on the part of the latter, though often contradictorily applied, presented them in strictly scientific fashion and with logical precision in his "Esthetics."—a living monument to the memory of Francesco De Sanctis. Thanks to Croce the intuitions and contributions of this writer, who has had no recognition save in Italy, have now become the heritage of the whole cultured world.

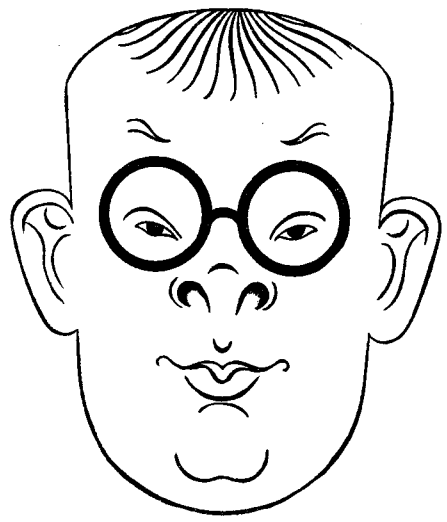
The *Bulletin* of the John Rylands Library in England recently contained three articles, one containing twenty-eight hitherto unpublished letters to and from Dr. Johnson,, another printing for the first time three 'dialogues" by Mrs. Thrale, and the third examing the Burney family in view of the letters in the Piozzi collection.

"Little Phil"

SHERIDAN: A Military Narrative. By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by A. HOWARD MENEELY

ONE is not able to discover from reading Mr. Hergesheimer's book why he undertook a study of General Sheridan. He has not been able to contribute much new material about his subject, and there was little in the personality of the man that might be expected to appeal to the author of the fascinating vignettes in "Swords and Roses." In many respects Sheridan was the very antithesis of the renowned



JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

From a caricature by Eva Herrmann.

Confederate cavalrymen, Stuart and Forrest, whom Mr. Hergesheimer has so interestingly portrayed. Although probably no less able than either of them, Sheridan was utterly without the picturesque and striking qualities that added to their fame. Whatever romance there is in his life story has been injected by the poets, and Mr. Hergesheimer accepts it for no more than it is worth.

In the main he offers us a rather sober military narrative centering in engagements in which Sheridan participated. The portrait of the general that emerges from the painstaking account of manœvers is for the most part indistinct and, despite some fine literary passages, a somewhat drab one. The personal element is decidedly subordinated. Sheridan's early life is briefly sketched in a Foreword and his career after Appomatox is omitted entirely. In the treatment of the Tennessee campaign in 1863, a section which occupies nearly a third of the book, Sheridan at times is little more than a shadowy figure. For pages and pages his name is scarcely mentioned.

The author emphasizes that Sheridan was strictly a professional soldier. He had no patience with "splendid chances" and persistently refused to gamble his men against elusive stakes of military victory. "He was, in war, all that a brilliant and transient amateur was not . . . he did not exist to win . . . at too great a price, single engagements, but wars." He would fight at proper moments with desperate courage, but when the time seemed inopportune he had no hesitation about withdrawing or seeking more favorable circumstances under which to strike the enemy. His caution, which was sometimes mistaken for timidity, together with his constant solicitude for the comfort and welfare of his forces, doubtless goes far to explain his record of successes and the splendid confidence that his men had in him, a confidence that he was able to turn to good account at critical moments such as that at Cedar Creek, when his appearance on the field after the "ride" was enough to halt a panic-stricken army that was taking to its heels. His men knew that he never called upon them to enter futile encounters and that he had never come out of a battle defeated.

Mr. Hergesheimer is generous in his praise of Sheridan's gifts as a cavalry commander, but he is candid in drawing attention to the shortcomings of the general and points out how large a part good fortune and the favor of Grant played in Sheridan's career. He tells us that the general's action in his first major engagement, Chickamauga, brought down upon him severe censure from informed critics of that battle, that the charge up the face of Missionary Ridge was dictated by expediency and was excused by Grant simply because it succeeded, and that the distinction he won at Cedar Creek was the result of chance aided by "his magnetic and resolute character."

Perhaps if Sheridan had remained with the armies of the West he might have sunk back into the comparative obscurity that was his lot until 1863. But good luck and the confidence of the new general-in-chief, Grant, gave him his great opportunity when, late in March, 1864, he was assigned to command the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. The record of what followed justified the opportunity. Within twelve months he defeated "Jeb" Stuart, crushed Early, devastated the Great Valley, and after a magnificent running fight, intercepted Lee as he fled westward through Virginia in a desperate attempt to escape the inevitable. It was this rapid succession of achievements that lifted "Little Phil" from mediocrity to greatness and made him truly "worth his weight in gold" to the Union cause.

A Suicidal Society

DOCTOR KERKHOVEN. By JACOB WASSERMANN. Translated by CYRUS BROOKS. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"DOCTOR KERKHOVEN" is the promised sequel to "The Maurizius Case"; it takes up the story of Etzel von Andergast, the boy who, by uncovering the miscarriage of justice for which his father was responsible, alienated himself from his parents, wounded his soul against the baseness of the world, and yet was not much help to the wrongly imprisoned Maurizius, who was irremediably broken by his sufferings. Readers of "The Maurizius Case" were left waiting to see how Etzel was to be reconciled to life in general, and to his mother in especial. "Doctor Kerkhoven" attempts to provide these solutions; but it is a novel by itself, which can be read without its predecessor, and is far more than the story of Etzel von Andergast. Etzel indeed does not appear until the second of the two parts (separated by the Great War) into which the book is divided. The first book is concerned with the friendship of Kerkhoven, an obscure and unambitious doctor with certain mystic theories of health and medicine, and Johann Irlen, a man who has spent his life and ranged the world in search of an answer to the problems of his time. Irlen's influence awakens Kerkhoven; Irlen has the insatiably seeking spirit, Kerkhoven the ability; and when Irlen dies of the infection of sleeping-sickness he has brought back from Africa, he hints at his belief (a Persian belief) that a part of his soul may enter Kerkhoven. After that time Kerkhoven is a superman, making cures which are quite literally miraculous.

There are many other figures in the book, and innumerable incidents. The complicated story is told in a most laborious manner, constantly casting forward and backward, introducing new characters and pausing to relate their previous histories, continually interrupted by conversations in which the speakers, who all speak with the same accent, seem to be explaining not so much themselves as Herr Wassermann. The method has all the involution of Proust, without his clarity; in spite of the annoying frequency of signposts like "As we shall see" and "As we have seen," it is hardly possible to be sure always where one is in reference to the time-plane of the main story, or at what point one diverged from it.

This extreme turgidness has after all a certain value, although it makes the book at times almost unreadable: it does convey the impression of enormous difficulty, like Pope's heaving lines about Ajax; one thinks of the characters as fighting a monstrous battle up to their nostrils in water, struggling mortally, and yet hardly able to stir from the mere weight of the scheme of things. So much certainly emerges

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from the book. We get an overwhelming idea of the author's *Weltanschauung* (as we did in his earlier books, but yet more strongly). He sees the world as full of sick souls, so that the whole race is infected, as the sound cells of a body suffer with the unhealthy. He sees sorrow and sin alike with the keenest pity and without horror. He seems to have no belief in human responsibility, and yet to have some hope for the future. It is a terrible view of life, but one consistent and great.

This is much, but it is not enough for the author's aim, nor enough for the reader's reward for reading so long and difficult a book. Herr Wassermann has weighted his story down with philosophy, and has attempted a solution of the tragedy he feels in the race. These are his peculiar offerings in this book; and for them not so much can be said as for his psychology. Of the parenthetic philosophy that runs throughout the book, example

JACOB WASSERMANN

is the best criticism. Take for instance the first conversation between Etzel and Kerkhoven; Etzel, to cover his embarrassment, begins playing with Kerkhoven's watch, and the author comments:

> He felt rather like a father from whose pocket his little son takes something to play with. At the same time, he had a strange feeling as though, when his watch was taken from him, he was set free from time, the tyrant that compelled him to divide up day and night, and to divide the parts into still smaller parts, producing so much pettiness, producing mass instead of fulness.

It may be the fault of the translation—whether or no, it is a fault that appears everywhere — but that passage is partly incomprehensible, and wholly unconvincing; and it is a fair sample of the cloudy ideas with which the book is filled.

Kerkhoven's solution, and Etzel's reconciliation, are unconvincing in a different way; they are matters of faith, and the author has not succeeded in producing an atmosphere in which we accept faith, as he has succeeded in making us accept despair. Kerkhoven, the supernaturally prepared, is a prophet without a prophecy; he talks a great deal of mystic medicine; "The body," he says, "never falls ill until the soul has accepted illness"; and he makes cures by the sheer force of his personality. Now Kerkhoven's theory is of the kind that is important if true; but since it is not supported by argument, but only by miracles occurring in a work of fiction, it remains fictitious and a little annoying. The end of Etzel's story is even more incredible; he becomes the lover of his adored Kerkhoven's wife, the affair is discovered, and then, with a want of analysis that contrasts startlingly with the exhaustive character study earlier, in eight of the six hundred and fifty pages of the book, we are told that after a period of near-insanity he returns to his mother, whom he had not seen since "The Maurizius Case." To believe in this reconciliation requires, strictly, an act of faith; it is like the faith demanded by the book of Job or the "Prometheus Bound," that, though the world seems wholly evil, yet it is good. Whether those books could command the faith necessary is an open question; "Doctor Kerkhoven" certainly cannot. We believe in the almost unbelievable wickedness and wretchedness of the book, because of the author's power; but we never believe in the hopes held out. In the knitting of narrative and portrayal of a suicidal society, "Doctor Kerkhoven" succeeds admirably; but in its philosophy it is no more than a fine failure.

Creative Eros

THE GOLDEN VASE. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT HERRICK

THE belief that man's highest creative energies are best stimulated by woman and that woman's true function is to be the incentive and sympathetic assistant of man in his creative efforts, which is the theme of "The Golden Vase," is not a new one. In practice at least, especially among those males who devote themselves to the arts (arrogating to themselves more particularly the glamorous epithet "creative"), the thing is common enough, although the justification of their amorous conduct may not be so elaborately and fervently formulated as it is by Mr. Lewisohn's middle-aged New England novelist, "John Ridgevale, Esq. of Boston and New Milford, Conn." This is his account of the affair:

> Ridgevale had long known the secret that Eros opens the heart. Had he not communicated himself even to Dagmar, the Greenwich Village maiden, and told her the story that he was afterward to write? He was, considering his origin and tradition, to both of which he clung, an adept of mysteries wholly hidden from his fellows, who either treated the senses with a cheap unfairness and a feigned or real disgust or else in this looser era with a vengeful, stupid, barren carnality. . . . There must be many, he supposed, who lived the mystery of which his mind and body were theoretically aware. Shelley begot his poems on the flesh of women. Not that he liked Shelley greatly; the man was too loose and wavering in his tastes, too vague and libertine in hectic seeking. . . . But Shelley, too, had been an adept of the mysterious sacrament of the creative Eros in which from the beautiful flesh of woman, as fruits and flowers from the earth our mother, spring the immortal works of the human imagination. Ah, beautiful flesh was not enough! The women must invite not only passion and delight, but affection and a kind of reverence. For they were the sacred mother-womb of both minds and bodies, of both works and the race, and men their lovers and children, men the creative but the born of women, must be able to rest their foreheads against the lovely knees of their mates not only aware of beauty, but aware of constancy and tenderness and mothering kindness. No, beauty was not enough. But what it wanted could not be supplied by a meddling and prying intellect, at best an imitation of a second-rate man's, unwomaning the woman of her diviness, etc., etc.

Whether women are content with the subordinate and ministering role of the creative Eros is another matter: latterly they would seem eager to adventure on their own initiative and subordinate men to their own ends. Which is one of the complaints of Mr. Lewisohn's hero with his wife Katherine, a graduate (and Ph.D.) of Radcliffe and Harvard, and sometime instructor at Mt. Holyoke college. He has many other complaints of our modern world and of the treatment therein accorded to creative artists. He is especially severe about the literary critics of his works. Having undertaken a voyage to Europe to recover from a nervous breakdown he finds nothing better to do on the steamer than to peruse the newspaper reviews of his works. (One might think that a serious writer like John Ridgevale Esq. who had attained a tolerable success after thirty years of publication would have learned to ignore the fleabites of our journalism!) Those critics who hold that his books are not novels irritate him above all others, also "the stony youths," and "the irritated ladies."

Whether a given book should be classed as a novel or not is no great matter, perhaps, but at the risk of being included among "the stony youths" and "the irritated ladies" the present reviewer does not hesitate to say that "The Golden Vase" is not a good novel, from any point of view. An idea, a theme, no matter how sound or how beautiful or how fervently proclaimed does not make a novel—or a novelette which Mr. Lewisohn's brief tale more properly should be called. In the first place the somewhat ponderous (and unctuous) style is that of the essayist or propagandist rather than of the novelist, as is the discursive and philosophical method, the excursions into Freud and philosophy, generalizations about racial tendencies, etc. But what is far more important, for a poor style does not necessarily kill a true novel, is the fact that Mr. Lewisohn fails to create his chosen theme in terms of interesting and significant personalities. The instance he has taken of a peevish and aging novelist is neither appealing nor convincing. Nor is the figure of Lisl Schönbrunn (who calls him Master), in spite of her reiterated physical charms, her youthfulness and fervor, even when seen dancing on the shore, a sublime impersonation of the "creative Eros," at least to another than "the Master."

The Singermanns

THIS MAN IS MY BROTHER. By MYRON BRINIG. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

THOSE who read Myron Brinig's earlier novel, "Singermann," and found it interesting will be pleased to know that he has returned to the colorful Singermanns and their affairs in this book. "Singermann" was the author's most attractive and, on the whole, his most successful book up to this time. "This Man Is My Brother" has some of the former book's attractiveness, and is more expertly written. It lacks a little of "Singermann's" vigor and movement.

The author spends the earlier chapters of this book (as he must) in re-introducing the Singermanns. Sol, David, Louis, Harry, Michael, and Rachel Singermann —the second generation of the Singermann family, whose experiences were previously dealt with at some length—are all present again, as is also their mother, Rebecca, who was perhaps the outstanding character in the earlier book. The wives and husbands of Rebecca's children, and her children's children—particularly the latter—are among the other characters.

The grandchildren of Rebecca and Moses Singermann, the Rumanian Jews who immigrated to New York and Minnesota, then to "Silver Bow," Montana, have now become quite acclimatized to life in this country. They are almost typical Americans, in fact, and have been influenced by all the social and intellectual currents of the past few years. Michael is a novelist who reads Proust, Nina allows herself to be dazzled by a football hero and seduced, Sylvia marries a "goy," Ralph develops a persecution mania and goes insane philosophizing about Jews and machines.

Among the older generation, Daisy, a Christian Scientist and wife of one son, becomes a Hollywood fan. Harry, whose decadent tastes were evident in "Singermann," is now definitely a homosexual.

There was little story, in the conventional sense, in "Singermann," and there is less here. The earlier book had movement and a vigorous succession of events that gave it a real sense of progression. This novel is more loosely held together. There are only three lines of movement: Michael goes home from New York to visit his family; his mother dies; and Harry commits sucide after an unsuccessful attempt to keep the friendship of his nephew.

Brinig is a writer whose stories give the impression of being quite personal. He does not always objectify his material. For instance, in this book Rebecca and Daisy alone are real characters. The author's prose is good—too good to be used merely for atmosphere and color, as it often is in this book.

In the review of Thornton Wilder's "The Long Christmas Dinner," and other one act plays recently published in the *Saturday Review*, the statement was erroneously made that "The Long Christmas Dinner" had recently been produced by Professor George Pierce Baker and his students at New Haven. As a matter of fact the play was produced by the Yale Dramatic Association and the Vassar Philaletheis both in New Haven and at Vassar.

Its Promise Was Good

RICHARD HUGHES. AN OMNIBUS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $3.

HIS publishers have brought together between two covers sixteen stories, thirty-one poems, and three plays by Mr. Richard Hughes, the author of the brilliant and extraordinary "Innocent Voyage." The present collection is interesting, but its interest is rather as showing the development of Mr. Hughes than in itself. Almost everything in the volume has the strangeness and clarity of perception, and the distinction of style that appear in "The Innocent Voyage," but almost everything also is either marred by some obvious fault, or else is clearly an experiment. In one case, indeed, we are shown the same plot treated in two ways, as a short story, scarcely more than a sketch, and then as the three-act "Comedy of Good and Evil"; for the general reader they are unfortunately arranged, since the sketch comes first, and rather diminishes the effect of the play; though no doubt the student or devotee of Mr. Hughes will be glad to trace the elaboration of the idea.

The two most ambitious pieces in the book are plays, the "Comedy of Good and Evil" already mentioned, and "The Sisters' Tragedy." Both of these show the delighted interest in the directness of children, and almost in the cruelty of children, that gave such poignance of revelation to "The Innocent Voyage." In "The Sisters' Tragedy" a girl of ten kills her brother, who is blind, deaf, and almost idiotic, because she has decided that he would be better off dead. The play is undeniably powerful, but is marred by the insistent accumulation of horrors which is characteristic of the undergraduate age at which it was written. "A Comedy of Good and Evil" has the opposite fault; it has a tendency to degenerate into mere cleverness—without being quite clever enough. Its postulate is a little girl-devil for whom good and evil are reversed; who sets out, full of holy, vicious zeal and faith in Lucifer, to damn a Welsh minister, but is constantly tempted into the paths of virtue by his good example. The minister, knowing her for a fiend, takes her in; a damnable action in itself, and yet the extreme form of the virtue of loving one's enemies. It is not quite clear whether the author is seriously suggesting that God is beyond good and evil, and that there are beings (like the children of "The Innocent Voyage") whose good is not ours, or whether he is merely aiming at Gilbertian topsy-turvyness; but in either case, before the three acts are out the contradictions in terms have become word-chopping.

RICHARD HUGHES

Probably the pieces which are most valuable in themselves are the less ambitious ones, those that give glimpses of strange countries and the author's adventurous life in them. "Lochinvzrovic," for instance, a romantic-ironic tale told with a full sense of the absurdity of the Byronic Balkan code, and a hint that that code is no worse than another, is a joy; and so are the autobiographical introduction and the diary "Steerage Passenger." If one had not read "The Innocent Voyage," one would set this down as a volume of remarkable promise; since one knows already how that promise has been fulfilled, it makes one the more eager for Mr. Hughes' next book, but in itself it does not satisfy one's expectations.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

VI. CELLULOID COMPOSITION

LIFE is much more a matter of nervous agitation than historians admit. This Lawrence Hubbard realized sometimes when he tried to pull himself together to note down what he learned and divined about Richard Roe. He climbed the same stairs of the L-station, stood on the same high promenade-deck where Richard had taken the train every morning to go down-town. Sometimes Hubbard waited while several trains went by, to get the feeling of the situation. This perhaps was a mistake, for Richard always took the first train possible. Hubbard bought the same morning paper that Roe used to, and learned how to pleat it longways. (Minnie Hutzler told him about that.) But he did not read it carefully.

In fact Hubbard began to wonder if he was growing hysterical. He studied faces in those crowded cars. Help me, help me, cried eyes and hands. Sometimes he could feel his knees quiver with nervousness. Did Richard, neatly dressed in his good suit and inconspicuous hat, ever shake so? Hubbard decided that he did. See how well I am hidden, said other faces. I defy you to guess anything about me. Remembering his one glimpse of the man, the biographer concluded that Richard also was a master of humanity's despairing secrecy. Innumerable virtuosos of reticence, how do we pursue you?

Hubbard found himself reading all sorts of books at random, trying to see how, if ever, writers manage to suggest the reality of human being. One day in the little kitchen at Jules's place one of the men read out a passage from a novel just published. Professional literary critics would be amazed if they knew what crisp and liberal judgments on books sometimes emerged in that humble place. The savor of roasting lamb and gravy filled the warm air with an actuality in which mere hokum perished. When Vogelsang produced a slip of paper on which he had copied out one sentence, they listened attentively. The clippings and memorabilia which hardheaded citizens carry in their wallets are often important. This was what Gene Volgelsang had found:

The contemplative desire is universal, being, in the spirit, what the sexual desire is in the flesh, the prime mover of mankind.

I don't know that those fellows had thought much, consciously, about man's thwarted need of contemplation, but once put before them they understood it perfectly. About that time Jules was taken with a notion to play the accordion, which he sometimes does for his favorite patrons, and the mood changed; but I noticed Hubbard making a copy of the quotation. It fitted in with what he was thinking about Richard Roe. Of course I was anxious that he should stick to the actual Richard Roe and not try to diffuse him into a vague symbolic phantom. "Remember," I said to him (as needs to be said to all biographers) "This isn't your own life you're writing. It's Richard Roe's."

"Gosh," he said, "I don't know. I don't know. How the devil—?"

❧ ❧

I've always been a home-office man, said Hubbard, and I never realized until I got talking to the boys at Jules's what going on the road means. Those traveling men are artists; temperamental as hell, each one of them, and what begins to come through to me is that you have to be an artist to handle them. I used to think that going on the road must be ghastly: long journeys, discomfort, bawdy stories, loneliness. Now I can see that in spite of its weary hardships they find in it the release, the escape from unbearable routine, that the artist must have or perish. They are carving the face of life. Yes, I've even gone so far as to take a trip over some of Roe's old territory that he covered for Erskine. I've got to step easy in telling about some of that. You know the trade's nickname for the four Erskine Brothers. Those boys are rough talkers, as rough as Shakespeare or James Joyce. There's a lot of things I've got to try to convey without saying them. But what I'm struggling to feel is that slow smooth pull when the train begins to slide out of the station. There he sits in his green Pullman chair, and the whole ragged landscape of life behind him—imperfect farewells and unfinished affairs, disputes pending and shipments delayed. He's got a whole folder of damned carbons and memoranda and advertisement-proofs and plans for Dealer-Cooperation and notes of bad credit. But for a while he hasn't the heart to open his brief-case and look at them. He's still sweating a little from that last telephone call and the run for the train. Now comes that smooth gradual increment of speed. It would never occur to him to think so, but now he is the painter with the clean canvas, the sculptor with the heap of moist clay. The long green vista of the car sways and rumbles, measures time with undertone click-click, swings with that sidling tilt round a curve. He's drawn on, on, into unspoiled future; he feels the flow of creation, It and Was dividing in his brain. The very name of the car he's in may be an omen of some unexpected glamor. Now it is inevitable: something (I don't know what) hangs ready to strike: he is let loose in freedom of will to change the balance of things. Perhaps he drifts for a flash—a minute or an hour—into the luminous stupor of foreboding. No, I'm not inventing: I know his mind. In that Pullman trance he is a poet, rhyming the unlikely and the impossible. He rhymes the new window cut-out with Kitty Chambers the buyer in Cleveland. He rhymes fatigue and disgust with some telephone number in his little memo-book. Sparkle comes back into his nerves. He has a word of comedy for the porter. He goes to the stale smoking-washroom to deal wits against other companions of chance. So he matches himself against the impossible odds of life, and is Lord of his event.

Perhaps he's a frightened beginner, ambitious only to sell goods. Has anyone ever told the hopeful anguish of a salesman on his maiden trip? What a story! Or is he the seasoned performer who sells Himself first of all and lets the merchandize follow in his wake? Comedy and cajolery; persistence, tact, evasion; knowing when to sidestep and when to strike. Oh marvelous tissue of contradictions! I see him looking forward to showing a new trick with matches to Kitty Chambers in Cleveland, and at the same time saying in humble sincerity as he turns in, "God bless and keep my Lucy and our baby." He wonders if prayers really work in a Pullman berth, because you have no chance to kneel. Understand? Of course you don't understand. He's an artist.

It seems a little fanciful as a portrait of a traveling salesman, I demurred, to stimulate him.

Life's a mighty fanciful business and there's a lot of it that doesn't get into the balance-sheets, he replied. For a chartered accountant Hubbard was maturing rapidly.

Richard Roe went through all that, and some of it we'll have to follow with him. I can't always be bothered to put in careful quotation-marks in the exact places. Quotation-marks try to imply that some definite person made some particular remark. But almost everybody says everything if you give them a chance.

❧ ❧

Minnie Hutzler, quite reasonably, was not going to be drawn into candor too easily. Lawrence Hubbard looked to her like a bit of a simpleton; also he was over-eager, as we all are in the early stages of a project. It is going to take patience to get inside Minnie's protective defense. But what an enormous stride in human understandings it is when you realize that people *have* these outer shells of wariness. Old Mother Hubbard, as Minnie scornfully called him—judging too smartly by a certain finicky gentility in his demeanor—was beginning to learn this. But he made the mistake of thinking that because Minnie was an extremely competent business woman she would therefore be interested in a businesslike presentation of his plan. He rashly showed her a diagram he had drawn up: it looked rather like a target or a game of hop-scotch. The center represented Richard Roe, and around that in concentric spirals were arranged the people who had known him. Mr. Hubbard naively explained that by faithfully pursuing successive testimonies, moving gradually inward, he hoped to draw near the bull's eye. The word was ill-chosen. Minnie kept her paraphrase of it to herself, but she also kept to herself many other thoughts that would have been valuable. Dark, pale, controlled, she received the blundering biographer with the cool politeness she had learned in many difficult years. But she was capable of sudden flushes of warmth which showed there was a circulation of blood not far below the surface. One lucky chance gave Hubbard a better intuition. She had received him in her own private office, which opened off the big room that had been Richard's. It was quite evident she did not intend to admit him to any special familiarity with the office routine. Hubbard, groping about to put the conversation on happier terms, was trying to visualize what view Richard Roe must have looked out at in all those years. "It's years since I've been in the Flatiron Building," he said, gazing from the window, and then noticed that Madison Square looked different from old times. "Something's changed," he remarked. "It didn't look like this—yes, of course, Diana's gone." That tiny figure against the sky, that lingers still in many memories, suddenly silhouetted in his mind. That was what Richard must have seen so many many times.

Minnie was furious with him for having brought a choking in her throat she had never had before. She had been cold, efficient, almost frozen, ever since Richard Roe's death; but the unexpected mention of Diana nearly broke her control. She was furious, but she saw that at any rate Hubbard was wise enough to understand the kind of thing that might have been important. After he had gone she shivered a little and escaped to the washroom down the corridor, woman's only safe retreat in the stone world of business. What unguessed stories of tears and tantrums those bleak sanctuaries could tell.

❧ ❧

In the early days of the desk-sets they were made out of a synthetic celluloid composition which was not really inflammable but if ignited would smoulder inextinguishably. One day in the office someone had laid down a cigarette on a pen-stand; presently there was a curl of thick white smoke and a sizzling cancer began to crawl through the material. Richard tried to smother it with a handkerchief; Minnie poured ink on it; nothing could quell the progress of that sluggish combustion. The office filled with choking reek which poured out of the windows so thickly there was even danger of someone turning in an alarm. They brought a bucket filled with water from the hall and dropped the smouldering object into it. Still, under a foot of cold water, it kept fuming and hissing, jetting up creamy gurgles of smoke. It continued to burn and simmer until utterly consumed. Richard was shrewd enough to make use of this as a powerful sales-argument; thereafter all his own desk-sets were non-inflammable, and many an order was increased by the simple process of laying a lighted cigarette stub on a competitor's goods and illustrating the queer process, with a bucket of water handy. But Hubbard, when he heard this anecdote from the young advertising man who wrote Roe's copy, always associated it with Minnie. Through the cool formality of her manner perhaps there were rising bubbles of memory, from some hidden joy or trouble that would burn to the end.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Lost World

THALASSA: A STORY OF CHILDHOOD BY THE WESTERN WAVE. By MARY FRANCES MCHUGH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

THESE memories do not go far back in point of time; they are the memories of a woman still young who sighs over "her childhood's lost world" with a longing perhaps to be outgrown by the time the gray hairs begin to show. The depths of the elegiac mood are for the first moments of realization that youth is gone, with its color and savor still fresh upon the backward gaze and the mindful palate. So far as we make out the "story" from what is really a group of delicately assembled essays, the author was one of three girl-children in the squire's house of a rather dismal fishing village on the west coast of Ireland. Of her parents, whether from reticence or because they counted little in her childhood, she says little. Even her sisters and playmates are slightly drawn. It is the place of her youth she chiefly recalls, its common sights and scents and sounds, the kindly, simple people who spring from that soil and never go away from it, but only into it when their time comes. She recalls the scant-grassed fields, the blue-gray hills, the endless murmur of the sea, "as much a part of us as the surging of blood through our veins." Whitewashed cottages nestle here and there among the flat fields: "above is the blue sky, flecked, as always in this region, with cloud; and sea and sky and cloud and gray hills make a spacious, a limitless, world after which all other scenes are crowded, and the loveliest wooded lowlands stifling and wearisome."

Only under such a sky, she dreams, could live the people of her lost world: "noble, primitive beings, quick-hearted and wondering as children." Them she remembers as the true companions of her childhood. Her parents and other sophisticated persons, summed as "grown-ups," remain remote and alien. It was Michael the family coachman and handy man, and the Tullys, a neighboring pair of peasants, "who really mattered . . . deities presiding over our youth—friendly, familiar deities, comforters and intermediaries between us and important grown-up people." Compared with them the family servants, the Bessies and Marys and Delias, were "a shadowy procession": some of them more likable than others, but none to rival Michael and the Tullys. It was Michael who drove them about the countryside, discoursing childishly and shrewdly of human affairs. It was Mrs. Tully who took charge of them, over the heads of the house servants, when the parents were in London. Her farewell to the Tullys is the high moment of the woman's final leavetaking, of the moment which they all sense to be her definite good-bye to youth.

This is a little book, but of a charm so delicate (if evanescent) that it should be commended without reserve to lovers of childhood and of good writing.

"Mr. Churchill's two articles in the *Daily Mail* describing with extraordinary lucidity the sensations and emotions of his accident in New York, says the London *Observer*, should be a classic testimony in that *genre*. It gives the impression that the writer would count the pain of the adventure well worth while in view of the new ranges of experience it opened to him. One recalls nothing in its way so vivid, so detailed, and so convincing as those few pages of self-analysis, under sudden and disconcerting strain, by 'a mind intact and unshaken.' In a queer way it increases one's respect for humanity."

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE complete poetical works of the late Harry Crosby have now been brought out by his wife at The Black Sun Press, Rue Cardinale, Paris. There are four white paper-bound volumes boxed together in red. The titles of the respective volumes are "Chariot of the Sun," "Transit of Venus," "Torch-bearer," and "Sleeping Together." The first-named volume bears an introduction by the late D. H. Lawrence, the second a preface by T. S. Eliot, the third Notes by Ezra Pound, and the fourth a "Memory of the Poet" by Stuart Gilbert. The whole constitutes a fine tribute to one of the younger men who, if not by any means of the highest contemporary poetic rank, still evinced both power and originality. Lawrence's introduction is the most important thing about the work, it is the most important thing that Lawrence had to say about poetry. One of the things he says about the book he introduces is:

> If one had to judge these litle poems for their magic of words, as one judges Paul Valéry, for example, they would look shabby. There is no obvious incantation of sweet noise; only too often, the music of one line deliberately kills the next, breathlessly staccato. There is no particular jewelry of epithet. And no handsome handling of images. Where deliberate imagery is used, it is perhaps a little clumsy. There is no colored thread of an idea; and no subtle ebbing of a theme into consciousness, no recognizable vision, new gleam of chaos let into a world of order. There is only a repetition of sun, sun, sun, not really as a glowing symbol, more as a bewilderment and a narcotic.

All of which is extremely well said. It is as the poet of the sun that Harry Crosby will be remembered, and so narcotic did his worship become to him that it finally drove him what-the-world-calls mad. But, rather contradicting himself, Lawrence goes on to praise the charm of Crosby's glimpses of chaos "not reduced to order." Therefore, in the poetry as a whole he finds "the essential quality of poetry," which is to burst "all the bubbles and umbrellas of reality" and go much further even than merely shocking the D. A. R. (For we understand that that august organization has recently declared all poets dangerous—as dangerous as were found, for instance, all those who tried to think for themselves in Aldous Huxley's recent "Brave New World.") To D. H. Lawrence the poet's function was to break through the false world man lives in, to the exciting chaos outside that so scares him. This Crosby most certainly tried to do. And, in "the new naïveté" that was Crosby's, Lawrence sees something more important than the fact that his poetry was not first-rate. It is indeed a matter of importance, and Crosby was on the road to something, as Pound points out in his notes.

Eliot's preface is merely another example of Mr. Eliot's eternal hedging. He doubts, in his first sentence, "whether we can ever understand the poetry of a contemporary," which is no more than simple nonsense. He is far from asserting that he knows in the least what Crosby was up to, or would like it if he did. "But 'liking' is itself irrelevant in a serious matter like poetry." This is, again, simply nonsense; but because it is said in a solemn way by a leader of the new New it has apparently been thought worth printing. "Crosby was definitely going his own way." Yes, but by this time one has become impatient! To Pound, "Crosby's disgust seems valuable," though Pound is the most specifically enthusiastic of the commentators—his customary hoity-toityness being relieved by a few remarks one can actually weigh. Nevertheless, one's impatience persists. when this strange age is reviewed from some distant future, it will be a matter of astonishment that, for long in the realm of the arts, people were trying to find words to express what they thought about work which was also trying to find words to express what it thought. It was freely admitted that certain things were inferior works of art and yet of some tremendous significance—the significance, it turned out that exists merely in a declared attitude toward life and in nothing that has been created out of that attitude. It was enough that one should stand for this or that, if it jibed with the theories of the intelligentsia. The matter of communicating anything had reached such a pass, that the final dictum of the Left was that the artist need not communicate at all. A great deal was written concerning a great deal of writing which, it was freely admitted, was not understood by those who read it. This delightful madhouse sort-of-thing kept up for a good while. There were no Pentecostal tongues (to mix up scripture) in that Tower of Babel.

Now I myself think that Crosby was on entirely the wrong road. I do not think he had learned his craft in the first place. Over and over again I find him writing banalities that nothing can excuse, committing to print the kind of butterfly experiments that are merely workshop sawdust, interesting material, perhaps for something else—but practically nothing in themselves. As for things rich and strange, any poet knows that one can sit down and write out of one's subconscious a great deal of decorative nonsense, without the slightest effort. I can even do it myself! Take the poem

INFURIATE

"unleash the sword and fire"
Shelley

I annihilate. I assassinate. I infuriate myself against the herd. I prognisticate the Bird of the Sun. I take cardiac and aphrodisiac. I become maniac and demoniac. I run toward the Maddest Queen. I precipitate myself through Stars to find my Dream.

That kind of propaganda is actually very easy to write. The only important thing about it is that Crosby meant it. He meant it up to the hilt. He may have been a pretty bad poet but he was a truthful man. His sun worship may have been mad but it was utterly sincere. From Stuart Gilbert's remarks upon him, from the photographs of him in several of these volumes, from words about him gleaned from a few people, it is obvious that the poet was a man of great magnetism and of nobility of nature. I have laid my emphasis on the shortcomings of his poetry only because I do not believe in saying that I neither understand nor like a thing,

(*Continued on page* 498)

HARRY CROSBY.

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Foreign Literature

A Letter from Greece

By GEORGE PANOU

LAST Winter saw the publication of a fine book in real modern Greek. It is "Life within the Grave," by Stratis Myrivilis, a newspaper editor, of Mytilene, the fair little capital of the fertile island of Lesbos, of Sapphic fame. Here is a collection of fifty-four letters, stories of the great war, interdependent and yet separate enough. Letters of a Greek soldier of 1918 to his fiancée at home, both of them being imaginary, of course. The author served as a sergeant of the Greek Army on the Macedonian front, fighting the Germans and the Bulgarians together with the Anglo-French. The book is the outcome of his multifarious experiences and has already had the record sale of four thousand copies, nearly the whole first edition. A second edition by the Pyesos Company is soon to be out. Here is a full-fledged craftsman with the vivid medium that real modern Greek can really be. Each one of the letters is a fine little tale by itself. "I Zoi En Tapho." The title is taken from the opening line of the beautiful burial hymn of Christ of the Eastern Orthodox Church, chanted mournfully by a choir of boys every Good Friday evening. It is an original "false" modern Greek composition of the early Byzantine patristic literature.

The book is a sincere, moving story of trench life, with no romance, no melodrama, no lies about it. If this new Lesbian writer of ours had written his book in any of the more "fortunate" European languages he would already be a celebrity.

"To believe or not to believe." That is my question when I think of some people with queer imaginations setting out to write about facts. How some people here write of America for instance, or of Russia, and how some other people elsewhere write of us! This refers to the inaccuracies of Franko Charladini, an Italian newspaper man, on linguistic and literary facts in Greece today. Especially as to our modern language which appears in two forms, the real and the unreal (we say the "demotiki" the "katharevousa"). By real modern Greek I mean the living spoken and written language of the great majority of the seven millions of my fellow-countrymen, high or low, far or near, just as Greek in essence as that of the Iliad itself. On the other hand by unreal modern Greek I mean the archaic, written more than spoken, of the minority.

Other recent books, deserving notice are: "The Secret Troth," a novel by G. Ksenopoulos, (Athens, Kollaros). "Post-war Agony," by Nondas, Arkadis. This is a volume of short stories and Arkadis is the pen name of an artillery captain. "The Uprooted Ones," a novel by G. Daskalakis. "Hermits" by A. Yalouris, also a novel. "Floral Chain" a novel by Miss Antigone S. Petrakis. "The Piatza" a novel by N. Katiforis. "The Old Man of Morea" a biography in two volumes by Spyros Melas the playwright, (Saliveros, Athens). It is about Chief Kolokotronis, one of the leaders of the revolution. "Two Sparks of a Fire" a novel by Alekos Lidorikis, a young and new writer. "What is Poetry?" an essay by K. Yeroyannis. "The Revolt of the Animals," short stories, by Demosthenes Voutyras (Demetrakos, Athens). Voutyras is a popular writer with many short stories to his credit.

Some of the more important translations into modern Greek are "The Book of Job," by K. Phrilingos. "Desire Under the Elms" of Eugene O'Neill by X. (It is our habit to keep translators in anonymity.)

Saloniki is a large city but its literary circle is rather negligible. Corfu is now inactive, so is Yanina. Down in Cyprus an Athens journalist discovers and lauds a Cypriote poet with two small volumes to his credit. He is D. Lyppertis of Limassol. I must not forget Alexandria. It is the home of an old and thriving Greek colony and of a well known contemporary, Kavafis who writes beautiful and moving poems.

Last year, Greece celebrated her centenary as a free State. In all these one hundred years the only form of literature that can be said to provoke a wide interest is our lyric poetry and the work that represents it best is probably "The Twelve Words of the Gypsy," by Palamas (translated into English). However, lyric poetry, by its very nature, cannot be made real to an outsider. The task belongs rather to prose. Now, with us, literary prose (in novel or short story) has doubtless never left behind it the boundaries of mere photographic delineation. Anemic one may call it. It has not revealed any exceptional creation unless it be "Life within the Grave."

And so, life here in Greece goes slowly on, cheerful and sad. Cheerful when one thinks of the wonderful Spring and Summer early mornings and early evenings and sad when of the many stray and rowdy dogs of the back alleys and the countryside. (Ulysses, coming back to Ithca, first met his dog!) They make one's sleep so adventurous and fragmentary. And literature follows suit, a little freer than before, freer from the grip of the archaeologist and the germ of the snob who prefers Paris.

As Others See Us

LA VIE AMÉRICAINE ET SES LEÇONS. By MARCEL BRAUNSCHVIG. Paris. Librairie Armand Colin. 1931.

Reviewed by HELEN HILL

M. BRAUNSCHVIG'S is a book which has the air of having arrived too late. According to the aim expressed in the preface, it is the result of an attempt to provide Frenchmen with a description of America more impartial than some, and more complete than any, of the books on the subject that have appeared before. As far as impartiality goes, M. Braunschvig has more or less achieved it, for his occasional revulsions are about balanced by his occasional lyricisms, and the rest is a statement of fact. As far as completeness goes, he falls decidedly short, for no book that disregards the political aspects of American life, and the part played by organized groups in the community, as thoroughly as his can claim to be complete. But the principal fault is chiefly one of time. The acute observations in the chapter on The Psychology of the American People have the character of echoes of the earlier observations of such writers as MM. Siegfried and Tardieu, Durtain and Duhamel. Much of the material on American industry has been previously gone over in the books of MM. Dubreuil or Philip, and the various catalogues of economic institutions are reminiscent of the flood of German books by Drs. Koettgen, Hirsch, Bonn, Feiler, etc. that accompanied the German reorganization in 1926. The fact is that the point of public interest has been shifting under the pendulum of time. Two or three years ago American technology was interesting *per se*. Those were the days when Americans and Europeans alike were looking at the American business machine and realizing with awe that American ingenuity, with electricity and the like, had succeeded in placing ten invisible producers back of every human producer in the plant. During the last year and a half, as Mr. Paul Warburg has pointed out, we have been becoming aware of the critical fact that behind every human consumer we have succeeded in placing just exactly no one at all. The swing in interest has correspondingly passed on from facts of technology to policies of control. Mr. Braunschvig may very well be right that since America has emerged from every previous crisis with her front foot on the up-grade, the importance of her methodology is greater than that of her present troubles. But there is inevitably a certain flatness about an enthusiastic description of what is palpably "une auto en panne."

The last chapter consists of a short comparison between the civilizations of Asia, Europe, America; Asia and contemplation, America and activism, Europe, or more particularly France, and the just mean. The final question which M. Braunschvig poses concerns which way America will go in the future. Will she shut herself up in the pride and imperialism of her economic prosperity, or will she become the foyer of a new type of civilization? He concludes, with a syncretism rare in a Frenchman, "Les diverses civilisations, qui jusqu'à présent ont ragné sur la terre, n'ont réussi à réaliser chacune qu'une portion d'être humain. Il est temps qu'une civilisation nouvelle, synthèse de toutes les civilisations précédentes, réalise enfin la plánitude de l'homme."

PUBLISHERS' discretion is reputed to be less developed than their enthusiasm. We do not, therefore, ask you to accept our unsupported opinion that Myron Brinig is a major novelist; but append a few criticisms of his earlier books *(Singermann, Wide Open Town)* which have appeared in America and England.

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"Aside from writing exceedingly well, Mr. Brinig writes like a man more interested on turning out a good novel than a sensational one, like an author who looks upon the novel as an art form, not a book racket. It is strange to find so much sanity, wisdom, and beauty in a comparatively young writer."—*The New Yorker*

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Points of View

Capitalism & the Artist

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I remain unpersuaded by Mr. MacLeish's admonitions to the heirs of capitalism that they acquire some intelligence if they desire to keep their birthright. Mr. MacLeish starts, in his assumption that things were all right before 1929, from a shocking ignorance of the economic and social facts of that period; he enunciates the questionable and irrelevant proposition that there is a perfect form of capitalism which can be opposed to some perfect socialist state; and he stresses the advantages to the artist under capitalism, as well as the artist's indifference *qua* artist to whatever form society assumes. I should be grateful for the space in which to express my disagreement.

From 1921 to 1929, the heyday of capitalism in America or elsewhere, about forty million of the gainfully employed were earning less than thirty dollars a week; they were earning this money stalked by the dreadful realization that illness, old age, or unemployment meant extinction for them, since they possessed no surplus to provide against these risks of industrialism; at any moment they were liable to be drafted for a war to protect foreign investments or to keep Chinese markets open; there was a constant strife between them and their employers to preserve even the thirty-dollar pittance; finally mass production and free competition exposed them to an orgy of advertising that achieved the extraordinary feat of making them desire what instinctively they would never have wanted, and brought about the greatest defection from frank and simple life the world has ever seen. Such were the halcyon days of the 'twenties.

Has capitalism an essence which if it were perfectly exemplified in the social structure would eliminate these evils? Universal private property and allowing the rule of the survival of the fittest to work in industry have been called the true distinctions of capitalism. Their mere statement is enough to condemn them today. Actually, as Professor Cohen regularly points out to his classes, there has never been a completely capitalist society. The term "society" itself implies the relinquishing of certain personal possessions and private desires to achieve the greater ones arising in the coöperative commonwealth. Since socialism is government ownership for the good of the citizens, and since all of us have private possessions such as toothbrushes, wives (these are Professor Cohen's illustration), books, musical instruments that we could not see socialized without being very unhappy, there will never be universal socialism. The revelant question that Mr. MacLeish and other proponents of a new capitalism should put to themselves is whether the ideals of capitalism or socialism will be more fruitful in achieving a better society.

Finally I should like to have space to point out some difficulties in Mr. MacLeish's exposition of the place of the artist at this juncture. He says:

> *Qua* artist, we are perfectly unconcerned with the name by which the state is to be described, whether capitalistic or socialistic or communistic or Fascist. Most artists (there are known and honorable exceptions of which Rivera is one and Dos Passos another) who concern themselves violently with the social order, do so because they have ceased to be artists—because the internal necessity of art has left them and they are compelled to replace it with the external necessity of economics. . . .
> . . . We cannot exist without that freedom to do our own work in our own way which is called for lack of an accurate term, intellectual freedom. And it is only because many of us feel that only under capitalism, of all existing alternatives, have we any real hope of such freedom. . . .

The tenor of these words would justify the reader in attributing to Mr. MacLeish the doctrine that to the artist it is a matter of indifference in which social medium he operates so long as he has a maximum of intellectual freedom. I believe poetry is more straitly bound to society.

Mr. MacLeish does not state what he considers to be the function of poetry, but, unless he believes that poetry is a verbal music, he probably would consider it an attempt to communicate some sort of emotion and some sort of idea. Since language symbols are the medium of the poet it is relevant to inquire how these symbols acquire content. Crudely one can say that the symbols represent structures and interactions in nature. Situations and things of the world are not of the same duration. Love lasts longer than any convention of love, piety longer than devotion to any particular set of household gods, and suspense endures beyond any special embodiment of a breathless situation. But a poet rarely succeeds in dealing with these more fundamental constants in the raw. Actually it is the ideal of poetry to resolve these constants into their particular and sensible components (to adopt Mr. Caldwell's excellent terminology). These particular and sensible constituents are moving in poetry because they are so in life. No amount of education has made my reaction to a story of Sparta's bondsmen as agonizing as to that of West Virginia miners, despite the crude way in which the latter was told. Nor is the story of the wanderings of Odysseus more moving than the tale of the migrations of the homeless Trotsky. That the event itself is not the epic I willingly concede, but I am firmly convinced that the stresses and activities of daily life are the basic fabric of literature.

When symbols are exhausted in art, there seem to be two methods of enrichment. An artist can investigate more thoroughly the potentialities of his medium; or he can work for a change in subject matter by bringing about a change in nature and society. It seems to me of extreme importance, to mention but one factor, that in a transition period such as this decade, the artist should work for a society in which security will not dampen and eliminate adventure or in which adventure will not merely be economic insecurity.

Whether there is greater intellectual freedom under capitalism or under socialism is a problem that Mr. MacLeish solves by examples, and it would be easy to set up examples that would prove the contrary. Certainly Pollyanna morality and selfish industry and stupid patriotism connive splendidly in this country for the suppression of the truth and of the good.

To address oneself to the Heirs of Capitalism is a waste of energy, unless one does it through the medium of laws.

JOSEPH P. LASH.
Columbia University.

American Education

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am not much impressed by President MacCracken's review of Dr. Nock's "Theory of Education in America." Whatever the book may be, it is not a whine; nor is Dr. MacCracken's evident heat the sort of thing one expects even in a condemnatory review. Besides, he gives the impression that Dr. Nock somehow denies the quality of our youth. I find no evidence of that in the book, but rather a regret that first-rate material gets so little from our colleges. Dr. MacCracken insists that we give training to second-rate people astonishingly well. Dr. Nock quite agrees with this. What he is distressed about is that we are not properly educating those capable of really great achievement. This, which is Dr. Nock's main contention, the reviewer overlooks.

A much more effective criticism of the book might be made by attacking Dr. Nock's entirely unproved assumption that both education of the exceptional and training of the ordinary cannot be done in the same institution. It is an endeavor to do precisely that, that characterizes the most interesting educational experiments of the moment. Possibly it cannot be done; but the impossibility cannot be assumed, as my colleague and friend has in his book assumed it.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.
St. Stephen's College.

On page 464 of the January 16th issue of the *Saturday Review*, the title of the Prix Goncourt for this year was incorrectly listed as: "La Mort du Fer." The correct title is: "Mal d'Amour."

The diary kept by Arnold Bennett is being prepared for publication. It is entirely written by hand and is said to contain more than 1,300,000 words.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

ONE CAME OUT. By MARGARET WILSON. Harpers. 1932. $2.

It is conceivable that a great novel might be written by an author who had an ax to grind, but the rasp of his steel would not be as loud as Miss Wilson's. We are confronted with the dilemma of Andrew Kent, governor of Bridleford Prison, required for the first time to officiate at the execution of a condemned man. As the book opens, his task is seen to be complicated by at least two factors: he (together with his creator) does not approve of capital punishment, and he is not at all certain of the man's guilt. Presenting him torn between his personal convictions and what he believes to be his duty, "One Came Out" proceeds, with indisputable sincerity, to untangle that dilemma to the ultimate satisfaction of Andrew Kent, the prisoner, Miss Wilson, and the sentimental reader.

The author loads the dice for her thesis by arbitrarily arranging things so that the execution is the first in the lives of several officials involved. Also, the condemned man is, at heart, a fine fellow, as are most of his fellow-prisoners! Need it be remarked that the stamp of reality is consistently missing in the picture of a penal institution that strangely resembles a military academy, in the portrait of prisoners who break down and weep when accused by their warden of letting him down, and in the persons of a prison warden, doctor, sheriff, and chaplain, all of whom are simultaneously shocked, horrified, and practically demoralized by the imposition of so routine a task?

LADY BLANCHE FARM. By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES. Liveright. 1931. $2.

Mrs. Keyes writes charmingly light dialogue, and she has a quick, sure touch in romantic episodes. "Lady Blanche Farm" benefits by both these gifts. In the early part of the book the meeting and mating of two young people, and the Connecticut background, are both given with Mrs. Keyes's pleasant and easy dexterity in presenting such matters. But when trouble and tragedy enter the lives of the characters, the author fails to probe very deeply into the situation. There is an unreality about the serious scenes and the point of view is definitely pictorial rather than realistic, leading one to wish that Mrs. Keyes might be content to let her novels run along the lighter ways quite unapologetically The "little scenes," as opposed to the "big scenes," the natural setting, and the *genre* touches stand out in "Lady Blanche Farm" with a fidelity to life never achieved by the heroics and nobilities forced upon the men and women whose story is told.

THE COMING OF THE AMAZONS. By OWEN JOHNSON. Longmans, Green. 1931. $2.

Owen Johnson forswears the past and the present in his new novel and selects the year 2181 for his back drop. By a neat mechanical device he transfers a present-day man into the future for use as a touchstone in marking the difference between then and now. In the first place, in the world of 2181 women are in complete control. The men have been segregated and are retained merely as a necessary part in propagation, giving Mr. Johnson an opportunity to invert the Lysistrata situation amusingly. Families have been done away with entirely, death has been abolished, one speaks with ease from planet to planet—and a thousand other prognostications about future possibilities are worked into the story. The two most depressing features seem to be the baldness of the women and the total absence of laughter. When the 1931 man gets into action in the 2181 world, strange and ridiculous situations develop. The only novelty of the book lies in the details; in its general treatment it follows the well-worn model of the prophetic story. It is too bad that the novel about changing forms can never change its own form.

HONEYFLOW. By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

This book tells the story of an American prima donna. It begins with her childhood in an orphanage in Maine, where she acquired a self-reliance and a determination that were to carry her far, but where she also learned so thoroughly to repress her emotions that for a long time it seemed that she would be a singer without a heart, without the power to stir others. It follows her career as an intelligent, ruthless learner, bending every one to her service, and treading on her own heart as on theirs to reach her goal; and at last it shows her emotional awakening.

This is one of those books too good for a blessing, too bad for a curse which one often encounters. It is mildly interesting, and unexceptionably written, but there is no reason why any one should choose it from among the hundreds of new books. All one can say of it is that it tells the story of a prima donna, and not badly, but there have been books before which did it better.

Juvenile

THE GOOD DETECTIVES. By MARGARET LEVISON GOWER. Century. 1931. $2.

Much novel material is to be found in this good-humored and well-written story, and also perhaps some that is not quite so novel. But the situation of the displaced and deserving heir who finally comes into his own through a hidden will is here used in such a refreshing way that one has no complaint to make. It is, of course, the children of the unfortunate heir who become aware of their father's rights in the beautiful old English estate, and of their grandfather's real wish to reinstate him over the heads of their ill-humored but well-established uncle and cousins. It is indeed the children who, finding a rapid channel of sympathy with the old man, inadvertently suggest to him a means for a little plot of his own toward this end, and to its unravelling he leads their ready interest before he dies. Already delighting in an obsession for detective activities, they are soon hot on the trail. It leads them, of course, into scrapes, mistakes, and adventures, centering about a valuable painting in the art gallery of the estate, to which they are soon forbidden any legitimate access on account of their highly suspicious actions.

Older children as well as middlers will find this a refreshing and interesting tale, and its whole tone makes it one of the new books to be highly recommended.

Miscellaneous

A HISTORY OF THE MOVIES. By BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON. Covici, Friede. 1931. $5.

Certainly there is romance in the genesis of any new industry. Consequently, the rise, development, and various vicissitudes of the motion picture industry make up a story which can be related amusingly, just as one might relate the story of the bicycle or the automobile industry. Mr. Hampton has, however, given to this book of his a rather misleading title. What he tells is just that story of an industry and nothing more. He remains almost wholly unconcerned with the film as an art form, and writes only of the motion-pictures as a commodity. Now and then he makes a little diversion from his narrative to remark that once a few German pictures of merit appeared, or that several Russian films "exhibited unusual ability." Otherwise, all we learn is how so much celluloid got into so many cans: and that has been told before, though of course somewhat differently and at more length, by Terry Ramsaye in "A Million and One Nights."

It can be assumed that the movies are just a manufacture of distraction, like musical boxes, and that therefore what matters is who invented the sprocket holes, how Hollywood came into existence, why they built the Roxy, and what happened to Mr. Fox. Yet something gets now and then into the celluloid which cannot be summed up in such terms. The motion picture actually is a new and exciting form of expression, a vehicle whereby director-artists may—in a way impossible to any other art form—convey emotions, experiences, and ideas. That being so, the true history of the movies would tell us how by trial and error first one man, then another, learned better to manipulate that raw material of animated photography so as more adequately and more movingly to depict significant

(*Continued on page* 498)

IMPORTANT NEW PUBLICATIONS

Looking Forward
What Will America Do About It?
by Nicholas Murray Butler

This timely volume is infused with the ideas and ideals for which Dr. Butler was awarded the 1931 Nobel Peace Prize. The subjects besides World Peace include many that will play a major part in the coming presidential election—such as tariff reduction, balanced budgets, war debts, and unemployment. $3.00

Emotional Currents in American History
by J. H. Denison
author of "The Enlargement of Personality"

Back of the events of history there is in progress a battle of vast forces in whose hands the heroes of history are like marionettes, moved by invisible agencies that they but dimly discern. This book is an analysis of the stupendous drama of emotion, the Battle of Ideas, behind American history. $5.00

Clarence Darrow's « The Story of My Life » is coming Feb. 5th

Domestic Colonial Architecture of Tidewater Virginia
by Thomas Tileston Waterman and John A. Barrows
With an introduction by Fiske Kimball

An exact architectural study, hitherto lacking, of the great plantation houses of the Virginia Tidewater, extant and vanished. Primarily designed for architects, it will be of interest and value to students of history and Americana generally.
Illustrated from photographs, old prints, and measured drawings $15.00

Prometheus and Epimetheus
by Carl Spitteler
Translated by JAMES F. MUIRHEAD

The first English version of a prose poem famous in Europe as one of the most representative works of the German-Swiss poet who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1919, earned the recognition of the French Academy, and was termed "the modern Homer" by Romain Rolland. $2.50

Colour in Interior Decoration
by John M. Holmes

A practical treatise for all those concerned with designing in color, filled with useful technical hints and numerous plates in color by prominent modern colorists. $7.50

Medieval Costume and Life
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IN FOREIGN PARTS

Perplexing India

COME WITH ME TO INDIA. By PATRICIA KENDALL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931.

REBEL INDIA. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. New York: New Republic Inc. 1931. $1.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

THESE are books whose honesty of purpose need not be doubted. The first, by an unusually thorough American visitor, is an apologia for the British in India: the second, by an experienced British journalist, is an attack upon them.

They may be read together—the first for its picturesque descriptions, its estimate of great eras in Indian history, its attempts to report in full interviews with missionaries and officials, with Brahmin and other "rebels": the second for its vivid and startling account of the present state of rebellion, of India's sufferings, and of the repressive methods of Government.

Both writers are quite naive in revealing the point of view of their studies. Mrs. Kendall is hardly off the ship in Bombay before she and her young companion are being "nauseated" with stories of infanticide, and as the train climbs the Western Ghats she makes up her mind in this queer paragraph—too typical of the whole book:

> Heaviness, stupor, death in life. Manu in his "saintly wisdom" commands the husbandman to plow, to die. Manu in his holy righteousness ordains the wife to serve, to die. Dirt, filth, death: Manu's teachings, Manu's law. Saintly Manu!

Manu is India's Moses, and Mrs. Kendall finds it strange that he should ordain this division of function, and saddles him with India's poverty and dirt.

Then follows scene after scene of picturesque, inefficient India: a "vignette of Hinduism," a "mosaic of Mohammedanism," and some rather overdrawn portraits of Hindus—too innocent of the great world, and puzzled that Americans don't admire the practice of Suttee (widow-burning), and fantastically ignorant of history and of the real grounds for criticism of the Government. There are, too, some long accounts (of mixed quality) of great events like the Indianization first of the Aryans and then of the Moguls, and one notes a strange lack of insight in her failure to realize what all this implies, and why it is that India has accepted one conquest with pride, and rejects the other with scorn.

If the British official who speaks on pp. 158-166 is typical, this is easily understood—for he out-Macaulays Macaulay, and is even made to say "the sovereigns of all the empires after the sixth century A. D. had been Moslem masters by force of arms." I do not, however, think this can be an exact report!

Nor can I quite believe that an American missionary, after twenty-four years in Madras, could say: "India has never contributed a science, a religion, a philosophy, an art, or even an invention to the growth of the world beyond her frontiers," even though he makes the significant addition "with the exception of Buddhism, which is repressed within her own borders."

What a strange ambassador of him who "came not to destroy but to fulfil," and what abysmal ignorance of history!

The result of these "investigations" is a colorful and more careful work than "Mother India," but it suffers from a similar bias, a similar sex-obsession, and is out of touch with realities.

It has no picture of Indian village life—though it acknowledges that India is a land of villages—and it attributes too much of India's poverty of physique to child marriage. If this is one main cause, starvation is the chief and obvious one. And Mrs. Kendall shows all the prudish nausea of the Western mind first meeting with phallicism: it becomes an obsession.

Mr. Brailsford on the other hand gives us detailed and terribly realistic pictures of the Indian village—borne out by the Whitley Report, which Mrs. Kendall does not seem to have read. Here is an acid test of British rule: and in his little book (262 small pages) we have more real insight into the Indian scene than in the big volume of 467 closely printed and large pages of Mrs. Kendall.

Each sees what he wants to see, no doubt: but each sees also what he is trained to see.

For her the Bombay City Trust "has to *its credit a list of large schemes which* are providing light and air in areas formerly the site of insanitary hovels" (she is quoting from the Simon Commission's Report). For him these are "gaunt, comfortless tenements"—most of which "have found a more appropriate use as a prison."

And if the contrast between the two books is vivid in their study of villages and city slums, it is lurid when they turn their searchlight on the central figure of Mahatma Gandhi—that strange Hamlet omitted by the Simon Report from the play. For Mrs. Kendall he is an opportunist and a mischievous theorist, in whom obstinacy and rectitude, self-righteousness and reactionary obscurantism, blend in a strange and dangerous mixture. For Mr. Brailsford he is the incarnation of the Soul of India (sometimes confused) who is training her people in self-respect by a series of carefully worked out steps, and in self-support by simple devices suited to her needs. And the contrast goes even deeper. For Mrs. Kendall "India needs evolution, not revolution." For Mr. Brailsford "there is a Rebel India which will not pile its arms till on liberated fields the peasant garners for wife and child the harvest he has reaped."

To both it is clear that "a frontal attack on superstition" is of the *esse* of progress.

Whichever side we take of the vexed question, we can all accept this finding! And meantime it is an open question whether the strong and virile lead that India awaits in every department of its life will come from the Congress or from a strong Federal Government of the New Dominion.

Which can best call out self-sacrifice and heroism and fearless surgery?

Explorers' Tales

TOLD AT THE EXPLORERS' CLUB. By F. A. BLOSSOM. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by LUCILLE S. DOUGLASS

WHEN I was a child and too lame to play with other children, I spent my time in my grandfather's library. My favorite book was a large tome called "Miraculous Escapes and Marvelous Adventures." As I look back now it hardly seems the book to be chosen by a small timid girl, afraid almost of her shadow. When I read this book of stories told at the Explorers' Club, I saw my diminutive self sitting at the feet of each man in turn and worshipping at his shrine. It is a goodly gathering, including Roy Chapman Andrews, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Captain Bob Bartlett, Charles A. Lindbergh, Sir Hubert Wilkins, George K. Cherrie, Felix Riesenberg, Dillon Wallace, Carveth Wells, and F. W. Hodge, men whose explorations have reached the far flung horizons of the world.

This book is good man talk—such as one hears when two or three explorers are gathered together and others drift over to join them. Instinctively the mind visualizes clouds of smoke from well-loved pipes. Under such circumstances, yarns are as inevitable as that sparks fly upward. Told with a simplicity that is an earnest of their truthfulness, these tales grip one with breathless interest. Chapter after chapter they carry the listeners with them, through strange, out of the way places and seemingly inextricable situations that would test a man's nerve and endurance to the last degree. They first blow hot—then cold. One man tells of days and months in the Arctic, with details that make the scene live in grinding icebergs and blinding snow until your marrow freezes. The next one plants his audience in dry, sandy deserts, until the heat waves dance in front of the eyes, tongues are dry, and blood throbs in the veins. There are strange peoples, too, to be met in these pages, weird tribal customs, unusual methods of transportation, not to mention unlooked for bed-fellows. Carveth Wells brings in a whole menagerie from the jungles of Malaya, running all the way from the ordinary wild animals to fish that climb trees, and white *cockroaches*!

The tales run the gamut—Lindbergh on whom more adjectives have been spent than any living man, and whose epic of the skies still blazes in undying glory, chooses an incident that called for skill and daring—night flying about a bank of fog, when, with gasoline exhausted, he must jump, and jump blindly. Just think what our most finished adventurers, and here I use the word advisedly, would do with that moment—the pages of thrills, emotions analyzed while they were poised for the plunge. But the flyer does nothing of the sort. It almost seems a wasted opportunity. Having waited until his gas was nearly finished, he nosed the plane up to 5,000 feet, climbed out of the cockpit, jumped, fell 100 feet, pulled the rip cord of his parachute, which functioned perfectly, crossed his feet to keep from straddling a limb or wire, covered his face with his hands and waited, finally coming to earth safely, and that's that. No more, no less. Just another day in the life of an explorer of the air, but it paints the picture with a few swift, etched strokes.

In this class belongs Captain "Bob" Bartlett of Arctic fame, who was with Peary on the Polar trip in 1905, and who brought his ship, the *Roosevelt*, home under tremendous hazards. Badly battered by the ice floes, it seemed as if it would have to be abandoned, but the ingenuity and fearlessness of Captain Bartlett and his companions made the men victors in this life and death struggle to save the ship. It is a straight log of one of the most adventurous trips ever made in Arctic waters, told in sea-faring language, not minimizing the dangers, but with a guiding mind ever on the alert to take advantage of wind and ice, so that at last they came up the North River on Christmas Eve 1906, one hundred and seventy-three days from the date of their setting out from Grant Land. A gripping story.

In the atmosphere of interest created by these story tellers, two or three tales stand out from the others, not because of their unique setting, but because the men who related them are, consciously or not, raconteurs in the best sense of the word. "Thin Ice," by W. Elmer Ekblaw, a member of Donald McMillan's party in the Arctic, is rich in dramatic content, and written with a literary style more reminiscent of our best novels than the technical books with which he is credited.

Turning from the blinding snow fields, the pageant of a Samoan sunset unfolds and Lewis R. Freeman, from whose facile pen have come many books, paints a canvas rich and powerful, setting his words in careless groupings of color, against which is almost hurled the flaming body of the "Fire Dog of Asu," a legendary figure which had grown out of all proportions to its origin, until the natives were frightened out of their wits and the plantations depopulated. How the author and two other white men trailed the "dog" to his lair and destroyed the terrible tradition which had grown up around him, makes a thrilling and fascinating tale.

The thing which impressed itself upon my mind most vividly in this collection of stories was the precaution against adventure which these men took, only to fall unwittingly into the trap set by circumstance. Their preparations are made with utmost care, the best of weapons and equipment, the latest scientific appliance provided and endless time and patience devoted to perfecting the final arrangements yet, when adventure comes, as it inevitably will come, they meet it with the keenest zest. They never underestimate the hazard, and it is this braving of it that makes them what they are—great explorers.

This is a book to keep by and when life seems humdrum to look into and see what men have dared and come out of, which is, after all, the Odyssey of life.

Fifty Years in China

THROUGH THE DRAGON'S EYES. By L. C. ARLINGTON. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by YOUNGHILL KANG

Author of "The Grass Roof"

THIS book contains personal experiences of Mr. Arlington in China over a period of fifty years. His has been a long and a varied life in the Chinese navy, customs, and post office. He has been at hand to see one fourth of the human race undergoing tremendous changes, culturally, politically, and industrially. He has traveled up and down, covering one fifth of the habitable surface of the globe, and has watched with lively interest the gigantic drama of a whole people moving from one mode of life to another. So the book is very valuable to the student of contemporary China in search of local color, insight into a foreign life, and authentic Chinese atmosphere.

The early part in an autobiographical note deals with events of the author's American life and treats of the destiny which bore him to China. "I was born of a mixed race," he writes. . . . "My father was of English and Scotch parentage and born in Dolores, Spain; my mother was of part French and part Irish blood, but born in Strassburg, the capital of Alsace-Lorraine." And we learn that he was also a product of American pioneering days, his family having moved West during the gold rush of 1849; he was born ten years later in California. This history explains many of his adventures, those of a born wanderer, and his vivid career here set down.

He went to China in the latter part of 1879, living through the Boxer Rebellion and the Franco-Chinese trouble of 1884-85. Afterwards he served in the customs and post services, and then we know he became interested in Chinese literature and politics. His recent book on the Chinese drama is testimony to his enormous research work in the archives of the Chinese library. The accounts of some of his experiences in this more recent book, "Through the Dragon's Eyes," are as unbearable as the drawings in color done by a Chinese artist representing methods of extorting confessions in the Ching period; he is remorseless in probing as well as indefatigable.

Mr. Arlington is tolerant and patient toward the movements of China. Thus he speaks, of some who are less patient and less tolerant:

> I am not Hallett Abend. . . . surely the juvenility he diagnoses in the Chinese is a manifestation of the unique vitality of the stock. Rome was not built in a day; *a fortiori*, of the emancipatory experiment—spiritual and material—in this vast country, one must not expect too much too quickly. . . .

"Through the Dragon's Eyes" has some interesting passages on Chinese communism. Mr. Arlington questions "How many are Communists at heart?" For to him the Chinese heart is a hard one to proselyte. He comments on the Christian missionaries, who introduced arms into China as far back as 1629, by saying that in his opinion Christian conversion had never amounted to much, in spite of "rosily colored reports and annual statistics of persons baptised. Any respectable Chinese will tell you that thieves and bad characters who have nothing to lose avail themselves of baptism only as a means of securing a job in the household of some missionary at from $4 to $5 a month.

Mr. Arlington's views on the Chinese situation are somewhat different from those to be obtained from the newspaper reports which we read here. He appears to feel as one of the Chinese, having found, so his dedication page states, "in China a congenial and kindly home." Pointedly he disagrees with some well-known scholars, who, backed by University Research Councils, theorize overmuch about China. On the other hand, he has a great respect for some names, such as that of Jo P. Bland.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

M. S., Rochester, N. Y., asks if I know any books about bookshops besides Christopher Morley's, Madge Jenison's, and Ruth Brown Park's.

THAT gives range enough. Ruth Brown Park's "Book Shops: How to Run Them" (Doubleday, Doran) is a practical, detailed report on the various workings of a successful book shop, suggestions from experience adaptable to different places and types of shop; a working manual. Everyone knows Christopher Morley's "Parnassus on Wheels" (Doubleday, Doran); as for "The Haunted Bookshop" (Doubleday, Doran), one corner of the Co-Op Shop for books run at Albany is a replica of Roger Mifflin's lair, reproduced with affectionate fidelity, and no one needs to have it explained. Miss Jenison's "Sunwise Turn" (Dutton) is the history of a certain bookshop's inception and rise, so sympathetic and ebullient that it will be read long after its professional technique may be out of date.

Of the first of these types, the most distinguished is of course the monumental, not to say encyclopedic, "Economic Survey of the Book Industry," by O. H. Cheney (National Association of Book Publishers: $10), which most of us are reading at second-hand in the bright bits that push their way into the papers by sheer force of readability. Of its purely economic side I am not competent to judge, but the general advice is generally so sound one wonders why it had to be said. Indeed, Robert L. Duffus said much of it in his own way in his own "Books," published earlier in the year by Houghton Mifflin, and a rich little book it is, with far more packed into it than one would guess from its size. Then there are the vivacious discussions now going on in the columns of *The Publishers Weekly* over the merits of the Cheney Report, and the various publications of the house of Bowker, such as "Buying and Selling Rare Books," by M. H. Briggs. The other two types blend in Edwin Valentine Mitchell's "Morocco Bound" (Farrar & Rinehart); it is the history of a famous shop, like Miss Jenison's, and it is also a charming, leisurely, colorful book about being a bookseller, and in that way like Mr. Morley's, but with a distinctive and individual viewpoint and manner. There is Dr. Rosenbach's record of splendid transactions in "Books and Bidders" (Little, Brown), fascinating as such records seem always to be; it is on the line dividing this list from one about book-collecting, and really belongs on both. There is fiction with a book-shop background; my pet hero for the year, "Albert Grope," in F. O. Mann's novel of that name (Harcourt, Brace), runs a second-hand book- and comic-paper shop in a poor part of London and makes money at it. The only juvenile I know that qualifies is a new one, "Polly's Shop," by Edna A. Brown (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard), in which a little girl helps her cousin run a seaside bookshop at Pomagansett; this has a realistic setting. There are two mystery novels with this background, neither involving a murder; "Into the Void" is by Florence Converse (Little, Brown), who has a special gift for mystery novels without shedding of blood, such as "The Sphynx" (Dutton); this one deals with a strange disappearance and the bookshop proprietor has tastes much like mine in reading matter, I notice. "The Bookshop Mystery," by James Saxon Childers (Appleton), has an American scouting for rare books in Europe and involved with an international gang of thieves. No doubt other novels with shelves for a setting will come to your mind, but I must bring this to a period with Amy Cruse's "The Englishman and His Books" (Crowell) which, in the course of a consistently entertaining record of tastes of readers in the early nineteenth century, describes circulating libraries patronized by the girls in Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey," the ones that specialized in horrid mysteries in three volumes.

THE same inquirer, on behalf of a client, asks for "a general household medical book on the order of the old-fashioned 'doctor book' which sat beside the Family Bible for so many years." I feel sure that the one wanted here is Dr. Royal Copeland's "Health Book" (Harcourt, Brace), a safe and sound work on popular medicine, what to do for first aid, and general family hygiene. The temptation is to try Dr. Logan Clendenning's "The Care and Feeding of Adults, with Doubts about Children" (Knopf) and see how the client reacts to these provocative chapters, saying things like "The main purpose of this book is to explain that meat and bread and salt will not hurt you . . . that reducing your weight will not save your life, and is a darn hard job anyway." It follows his admirable book "The Human Body" (Knopf) that made a stir in 1927. This department long since made a rule that medical works were out of its province, but I should think a family might be trusted with either or both of the above. There was once a woman who declared that the first question she was going to ask St. Peter was whether spinach were *really* good for you. If he said No, she was going back.

AND all the time the answer to that question about Becket and just what it was that King Henry called him, has been so to speak under my hand, in Lytton Strachey's "Portraits in Miniature" (Harcourt, Brace), a book of brief biographies so charming that I take it about to read on trains. I had read more than once Sir John Harington, Mary Berry, Boswell, Gibbon, and the incredible Muggleton—I always wanted to know what a Muggletonian was—but I skipped Hume because I could not believe anyone could make anything about him vivacious. Then, half-way to Troy, I came upon this paragraph and startled my car-mates by faintly cheering: "We shall never know exactly what Henry the Second said—in some uncouth dialect of French or English—in his final exasperation against Thomas of Canterbury; but it was certainly something about 'a set of fools and cowards,' and 'vengeance,' and 'an upstart clerk.' Hume, however, preferred to describe the scene as follows: 'The King himself being vehemently agitated, burst forth with an exclamation against his servants, whose want of zeal, he said, had so long left him exposed to the enterprises of that ungrateful and imperious prelate.'"

And that, said King Henry II, is that. *L. F. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.,* says that Tennyson's phrase has come to be the one usually associated with the incident, but Dickens in his "Child's History" made it "Have I no one here who will deliver me from this man?" "which suited Dickens's purpose well enough; Green's 'Short History' shows that the king used some sort of violent language and the old chroniclers whom Green cites as his source probably record the language as handed down to them."

MRS. S. B. DARLING of the Scarborough School, Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y., says that the teacher in Mount Airy who wants material about knights and their trappings, to use in connection with "The Idyls of the King," should know the pictures, stories, coats of arms and the like gotten out by the Fellowship of the Round Table of King Arthur, Tintagel, England. "These have been liked here; your correspondent can obtain a catalogue of what they publish from the address given." *The Stamford Bookstore, Stamford, Conn.,* says that there is an excellent chapter on censorship in Heywood Broun's "Anthony Comstock: Roundsman of the Lord"; "he really says it all!" *T. J. P., San Francisco, Cal.,* differs from the statement of my informant on Latin reading that there is no combined dictionary and grammar: he brings forward "A Handbook of the Latin Language: being a dictionary, classified vocabulary and grammar," by Walter Ripman (Dutton: 1930. $4.) It is paged; Dictionary 1-527; Classified vocabulary, 530-662; Grammar 664-804. *V. F., Hallam, Pa., asks how to pronounce Vachel.* It rhymes with Rachel, not with satchel. This, together with the pronunciation of Strachey and De la Mare, is the only question sent to this department that I could answer by a printed form. It comes in and goes out with wave-like regularity: no other question can ever be answered twice alike.

M. S. B., New York, has "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" and the "Second Book of Negro Spirituals," edited by James Weldon Johnson (Viking), and asks for further additions. Robert Emmet Kennedy, author of "Gritny People" (Dodd, Mead), has collected and explained "More Mellows" (Dodd, Mead) in a bookful of beautiful songs (with somewhat sophisticated accompaniments that would make them sound well on the concert stage) but of the circumstances under which they were gathered, sometimes those under which they were composed, for Sister Harriet C. Picon and Aunt Patience Ivins are contemporary singers; besides, Aunt Patience "sho' is a *case*." The surprise of my season as a folksong collector—this being one of my sidelines—was the discovery of no less than fifty beautiful spirituals away at the back of the noble volume "The Carolina Low-Country" (Macmillan); this is a set of essays on aspects of life in the coast country of South Carolina by such experts as Du Bose Heyward, Archibald Rutledge, and Thomas W. Waring; there are four paintings by Alice Huger Smith reproduced in full color and several etchings by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner. But the book blossoms when Robert W. Gordon begins the section on 'The Negro Spiritual"; the songs are not harmonized but have percussive accent in taps, indicated for right foot and left foot. The only one I recognize is one that was sung in "Porgy."

Guy Benton Johnson in "John Henry; Tracking Down a Negro Legend" (University of North Carolina Press) gives many versions, with music, of the songs around the culture-hero (if I may use that word for him) who matched his manpower against a steam-drill and "died with a hammer in his hand." It is a thorough documentation and one much needed. Roark Bradford's "John Henry" (Harper) does for secular legendry of the deep South, much of what he helped Mr. Connolly to do for its religious legendry in "The Green Pastures." The vast black figure, in this version a roustabout, with his Julie Ann and his weary mind, rises out of all the songs, and in the book they move always about him. There are more than eight hundred folk-songs in Professor Newman I. White's "American Negro Folk-songs," published by Harvard University Press; the book is already recognized by specialists as authoritative, scientific, and thorougn. Methods of recording are now brought to a high degree of accuracy by means of sound-photography, as explained in Milton Metfessel's "Phono-photography," another of the publications of the University of North Carolina.

I may not soon have so good a chance to bring in another book of folk-song, neither negro nor spirituals: "Devil's Ditties," by Jean Thomas (Wilbur Hatfield, Chicago) is a new set of Kentucky mountain songs, simply harmonized and introduced in homely stories of mountain people, so as to group the ballads by their use at infares, funeralizin', courtin', baptizin', play parties, and court day; the author has had unusual opportunities for gathering these folk ballads.

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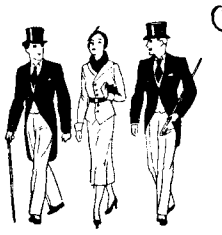

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Harold Nicolson in *The Evening Standard* says: "A very excellent book... a novel which should be read by all who take any interest in modern literature."

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Round About Parnassus

(Continued from page 492)

and then in the next breath that I find some special significance in it. I do not find any significance in Harry Crosby's sun-worship except that it was what seems to me a totally irrational obsession. And if I think he was on the wrong road, as I do; I do not think it would be profound of me to state that just the fact that he was on any road at all was a matter for rejoicing. It does a man no honor to be blithering about him. What I do find in his poetry is occasional beauty and occasional power, and sometimes a delightful imaginative quality. But I have been reading Harry Crosby's poetry for some years now and I regard his work rather as a literary curiosity than as anything else. It simply will not stand up, if one applies to it the rigorous critcism one reserves for works of art.

I am extremely interested in Crosby the human being, as he must have been. I can understand that to those who loved him he may well have seemed a genius, a person not truly of this earth. There is no doubt that he had in him the fire and fever that, combined in rare instances with remarkable artistic equipment, produces the greatest work. He had the afflatus; he had not the command of his weapons. One may have the right fighting spirit and be knocked out by a less spirited and a less noble character who knows how to box. Poetry needs as much practice as the manly art. It needs hard training.

After all, I think, the important thing to Crosby was what he felt he had discovered about the sun, not whether he wrote good poetry or not. That one can thoroughly respect. In fact, it is the mark of a large nature. Meanwhile there are phrases in these four volumes and a few fine fantastic things for which they are worth preserving. Such things as:

I am—
It was your kiss that made me
Gather bright arrows
For the day of death
A death more beautiful than death
A fire upon fire.

The New Books
Miscellaneous

(Continued from page 495)

action, recreate experiences, and evoke sensations. That story has yet to be told.

How fascinating it might be we can surmise while turning over the hundred odd pages of still pictures from past films with which this volume ends. Here were the primitives—Broncho Billy, and "The Birth of a Nation," Chaplin in "A Night Out," and Theda Bara who enriched the language with a new word. In a little while, we see the camera already being handled differently and more eloquently. Lubitsch carries Chaplin's use of visual *double entendre* into comedy-drama. Suddenly one realizes how large a part sound played in "Ben Hur," in those old silent days that were so noisy, and notes the continued eloquence of the camera (as in "Little Cæsar") today.

DICTIONARY OF THE OLDER SCOTTISH TONGUE. By WILLIAM CRAIGIE.

The first part of Professor Craigie's dictionary contains one hundred and twenty pages and discusses words from *a* to *assemble*. The Older Scottish Tongue is defined as covering the period from the twelfth century to the end of the seventeenth. Questions of geographical and dialectal limitation are not discussed in this section of the work, but presumably are to be fully treated in a later part of it. In the meantime all students of historical English will find in Professor Craigie's volumes, as they appear, a most useful addition to the resources of the "New English Dictionary."

The third volume (1856) of Irving's "Life of George Washington" has a bound-in "Publisher's Advertisement" at the end discussing the alteration in the original plan to conclude the work in three volumes. Below it is this brief note "To Correspondents," dated Sunnyside, June, 1856, and signed with Irving's initials: "The Author has again to crave indulgence on the part of his numerous correspondents for seeming remissness in not answering their letters. It is simply unavoidable, unless he gives up all other occupation. He would observe, also, that letters addressed to him at Tarrytown are liable to remain for some time at the post-office uncalled for. His proper address is, Irvington, Westchester County, N. Y."

Of Matters Industrial

Economic Adventures

GRAFT IN BUSINESS. By JOHN T. FLYNN. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by MYRON M. STRAIN

THIS volume adds another document to the impressive collection of material which is accumulating in recognition of the human character of our economic and social ills. Overproduction, underconsumption, oversaving, gold supplies and movements, and all the other academic refinements of economic theory, lie outside the scope of Mr. Flynn's present interests. What he examines here is the performance of society's stewards, the custodians and trustees of our accumulated wealth—and that performance, he finds, is only too often the irresponsible, rash, and unscrupulous errantry of powerful business adventurers. The first 113 pages are devoted to the relatively minor graft of commercial bribery—an annoying and expensive vice of the business peasantry, but not a crime of capital importance. The remaining 206 pages deal with the Barons and Bishops of the business world, and with the conduct of their trusteeship for society.

The conditions under which the Power and the Glory of this world are now held are so obvious that it is hard to understand why the social scientists have permitted the study of the corporation, which is the societal form that currently exercises the most pervasive and deep-reaching power in existence, to remain the almost exclusive property of the legal profession. The mere facts with respect to the corporation, stated without reference to overt abuses of any kind, are perturbing. The overwhelmingly greater part of society's wealth today belongs to corporations, and with that wealth goes, as always, the control of social power. The owners of these corporations are stockholders, several millions in number. The theoretical social power of the corporations rests in them, as well as the custody of society's capital—but actually, these stockholders lack any sense of this power or any sense of the responsibilities that go with power, and they likewise lack cohesiveness, information, wisdom, and interest in any phase of the enterprises they control except security prices and dividends. This is absentee ownership at its worst and on a scale unprecedented in human affairs. And it has the result of concentrating in the hands of directors, as the agents of the stockholders, a breath-taking immensity of power over money and men, imperial and papal in scope and character and absoluteness, largely uncontrolled and seldom even understood or disclosed.

The ethical standards underlying the discharge of these tremendous directorial functions, as those standards are exemplified by the acts of directors and the way in which other men regard them, constitutes Mr. Flynn's main thesis. Unhappily, they are not uniformly exalted or immaculate, and he finds grounds for suggesting changes and improvements in both law and custom. He feels that it is improper for a salesman to sit on the board of a customer corporation in order to assign its purchases to himself, even when the salesman happens to be the millionaire president of the selling company. He questions the social utility of the reorganization lootings to which embarrassed enterprises are usually subjected by financial institutions. He doubts the probity of the devices used by corporate directors and officers to manipulate, by indirection, into their own pockets considerable portions of the enterprise profits. Surely, no decent and reasonable person can object to the validity and propriety of a criticism of such abuses.

As to their objective reality, Mr. Flynn confines himself closely to the record. He is calm, rational, and unindignant. The title of his book is the only sensational quality of it that does not inhere in the material itself, most of which is derived from official sources of unquestionable veracity, and this is sufficiently sensational to make the reading of the volume a rapid and easy task. Across the pages march the scandals of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul receivership, the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. reorganization, the Bethlehem and Youngstown Steel merger, the Standard Oil of Indiana and Loft Candy Co. battles for control, the Bank of United States failure, and many others. They make fascinating reading—and they also constitute a document of prime social importance. Their record is another step toward the reconsideration of our economic system from the standpoint of human values that must precede any rational and useful dealing with its problems.

"Graft in Business" shows a few evidences of haste, both in composition and proof-reading. It contains no conscious strivings for literary effects, and its freedom from eye-rollings and gesticulation, its plain, straightforward, and lucid manner add to its credibility and merit.

Industrial Beginnings

EARLY NEW ENGLAND COTTON MANUFACTURE. By CAROLINE FARRAR WARE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by L. LASZLO ECKER

TAKING fright at the "complexities of modern industrial life," but yet wishing to follow "the various elements which go into the making of our industrial system," Miss Ware turns to the beginning of one of the early American industries, feeling that these "simpler forms" are more conducive to the success of the economic historian. The cotton industry is particularly well suited for her purpose, for it foreshadowed the later development of American manufacture, and during the relatively brief period, 1789-1860, evolved from a putting-out stage to a full fledged factory system.

Miss Ware divides her book, devoting part I to a historical survey, while part II deals with the organization of the industry. The obvious overlapping of these sections results in considerable repetition. She narrates dramatically in an easily readable style the development of manufacture at the expense of commerce and agriculture, and demonstrates how the momentum of an initial step taken in 1789 by the firm of Almy and Brown had sufficiently wide repercussions to warrant Emerson observing a half century later that "cotton threads hold the Union together." Some, of course, are twice told tales: how the birth of the industry in New England was facilitated by the coming of Samuel Slater to America; how once launched it received its first blow by the Embargo of 1807; how its growth was greatly enhanced by the War of 1812; how the depression following the war served as a period of transition; and finally, how by 1846 the industry had reached its zenith. By this date, to use Miss Ware's own words, "cotton was indeed king."

The author's more original contribution is found in Part II, where from an exhaustive study of the records of several early cotton concerns, and the files of contemporary newspapers, she pieces together the story of the organization of the industry. Sources of capital and labor are well treated. The chapter on marketing is of particular interest since it creates the background for the chaotic marketing conditions which prevailed in the cotton industry until very recently. The reviewer's chief objection centers around the author's failure to examine the case at hand in the light of the economic-historical theories which await verification. The reader is left with the impression that Miss Ware's interests are confined to cotton, to the exclusion of everything else. The result is an elaborate collection of data, woven together with unnecessarily generalized summarizations and presented in a historical manner not entirely convincing. The charts, tables, and appendices prepared in part by Gardiner C. Means are well worth examining. Miss Ware throws interesting side lights on such early practices as auction sales and the dealings of general stores, whose political and economic ramifications have for some time been investigated with considerable interest. The failure to treat with the technical development of the industry and with the sources of raw materials used in cotton manufacture are the book's most conspicuous omissions.

That Miss Ware has done pioneer work in a virgin field cannot be denied, and we can justly say of her work what Professor Gras said of Jacob Strieder's "Fugger," "the present book . . . helps to lay the foundation of business history." "The Early New England Cotton Manufacture" brings to mind an academic atmosphere conducive to exhaustive research, but in spite of its lack of spark and genius the book will remain as a landmark in American economic history, and perhaps the highest tribute we can pay Miss Ware is to add that her book will serve as a companion volume to Miss Hazard's classic on "The Organization of the Boot and Shoe Industry in Massachusetts before 1875."

A Brave Experiment

THE TOWN OF THE FEARLESS. By CAROLINE DALE SNEDEKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY

IN these days when the bogy of communism is being raised, it is worth while knowing that it is only a bogy. Noyes's work on American socialism, with its lessons of failure in this kind of settlement, has been forgotten. There is, therefore, value in this book which describes an attempt to found in the town of New Harmony, Indiana, a Utopia of the West. Everything at first favored this experiment. There was a town of a religious community already built; there was a man with the money to buy it, for it was Robert Owen, a wealthy Welsh mill owner, who had made a large fortune in Scotland and was ready to carry on his schemes "for the welfare of the human race." Owen had already brought about great reforms in his own mills, since he had not only shortened the dreadful hours of labor of the children, but had provided them with a school which, as illustrated in this book, looked like a model kindergarten of the present day. But Owen's experiment at New Lanark did not satisfy him in spite of the reputation he had already made as a successful reformer in the way of work, wages, and the education of his employees. In the manifesto of 1825 this new declaration of independence claimed as its object "happiness based on the principles of equality of rights, uninfluenced by sex, or condition in all adults, and also upon coöperative union in the business and amusements of life."

All this sounds as harmless as it was hopeful, but the snag on which the community struck was the community of property. The property paradoxically first belonged to Owen himself, for he used four-fifths of his great fortune to purchase and equip the town of New Harmony. In this scheme there was no money to be used as a medium, but barter was to take its place. As the author points out the keeping of store accounts was unsurmountably difficult.

A lack of cash was not the only drawback to the community; an overplus of character played havoc with the principle of coöperation. In a "town of the fearless" nobody was afraid to express his opinion of anybody else, and class distinctions soon cropped up. Thus New Harmony suffered from the old discords of human nature. It nevertheless left behind it certain traditions which were valuable. These traditions were educational, as Owen contributed not only his own experience in the New Lanark schools but brought with him to Indiana two remarkable men who were pupils of Pestalozzi, Joseph Neef and William Maclure.

Their projects foreshadowed certain later reforms such as the infant school, the kindergarten, the trade school, and the free public school. The author does not claim that these were first embodied in New Harmony, but at the least that remarkable town had them among the very earliest. It therefore seems a pity that such educational ideas should have been weighed down by a false economic system, and also by a too radical propaganda for the new rights of men. The schools fostered by Owen were sound, but the principles advocated by the people around him were too advanced to be practical.

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Mr. John Jorrocks

THE JAUNTS AND JOLLITIES OF MR. JOHN JORROCKS. By R. S. SURTEES. Introduction by A. EDWARD NEWTON and Illustrations by GORDON ROSS. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1932.

AS proper a book for a limited editions club to issue as could be discovered, is the account of that estimable grocer of sporting proclivities, Mr. John Jorrocks, as written by Robert Smith Surtees. Surtees—a lawyer who turned to less dubious pursuits—wrote these engaging episodes in the 'thirties of the last century for the pages of the *New Sporting Magazine:* in 1838 they were issued in book form, with twelve illustrations by Phiz, and an American edition was issued the same year by Cary & Hart in Philadelphia. The second (English) edition, evidently the most prized, was issued in 1843 by Ackerman, with fifteen hand-colored plates by Henry Alken. Attention is here called to these editions, because so often in modern publishing of old classics no serious attempt is made to equal or better the earlier editions. Two illustrated printings of "Jorrocks" demanded something pretty good in a new format, and it is on this matter that the present edition will be appraised.

The book has been printed by Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press (itself now passing into a third edition!) in two of his favorite type faces—if I may call such, types which he has repeatedly and successfully used—mellow and interesting "transitional" faces. As usual in Merrymount books, the paper is unobtrusive but appropriate and good. The title-page, again like some other Merrymount title-pages, doesn't seem very happy; but running heads and chapter heads are handled with customary surety.

The most distinguishing feature of the book, a feature which with the excellent typography serves to elevate this book to a high place in editions of "Jorrocks," are the illustrations. These are from colored illustrations by Gordon Ross, whose work we have come to associate with sporting prints, reproduced in colors and very successfully printed by the Bartlett-Aldus Press. (The Bartlett-Orr Press, its predecessor, has long been known for the skill with which it has printed pictures.) Ten of these color-plates are reproduced in the book, including a spirited portrait of the grocer himself, "John Jorrocks, Esq.," taking a wall. In delicacy and fine drawing, these pictures have seldom been equalled in modern books.

Years ago—many years ago—in Newburyport there was an Irish cobbler who repaired boots and shoes in a small cubicle on the main street: on Sundays after mass he could be seen taking the air, like the gentleman he was, in "Prince Albert" coat and silk topper. Somehow the days of John Jorrocks and the Newburyport cobbler are gone: one does not expect to see one's favorite A. & P. clerk expressing his ego in any more distinguished company than the Sunday motorists on the Post Road or the knickered devotees on a public golf course. And with the vanishing of such characters goes also much of the interest in their doings. Yet for those who still maintain the gusto of an earlier day for the life of the "vulgar," the jaunts and jollities of John Jorrocks will continue to have its fascination. For such, no finer printing of the doings could be asked for than this one. It is admirable in every way. R.

Time Machine

THE TIME MACHINE. By H. G. WELLS. Designs by W. A. DWIGGINS. New York: Random House. 1931.

MOST persons who pick up this book from the table do not like it. Good. If they did like it, the decorative and typographic arts in this country would be in so healthy a state as to leave little room for such crudely critical remarks as I write for this *Review*. And that would deprive me of a good deal of fun. For it must be apparent that the greater portion of my space in this column is taken up with an attempt to be enthusiastic about banal printing and lack-luster design.

It is an interesting and fortunate circumstance that brings Wells and Dwiggins together in this book. It was some years ago, in the pages of the revived *Cornhill Booklet* which Alfred Bartlett published in Boston, that Dwiggins did one of his most imaginative drawings—"The Last War." If I may guess, I should say that Wells's fancy and Dwiggins's have some very close relationship. Close enough anyway so that when Dwiggins starts out to illustrate or, more properly, decorate the "Time Machine," no time is lost by the illustrator in getting the author's meaning and attitude. Mr. Wells may dimly perceive this, but his preface, conventionally enough, concerns itself more with Wells than Dwiggins. Yet good as Wells is, Dwiggins is more interesting, in this volume.

The charge is that our books are trite and stupid. There are half a dozen extremely competent craftsmen at work in the printing of books in this country: there are, if we except Mr. Rogers's consummate skill with typographical units and arrangements, just about two men who approach the *book* with fresh imagination: and one of these two is Dwiggins. Let me be explicit. Color in printing is a commonplace of modern printing: yet Dwiggins uses color in a decidedly individualistic way, as when he prints his illustrations for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on different colors of paper, or when as in this "Time Machine" he prints the narrative in red ink and the Time Traveller's story in black—in the same type. Variety and diversity of skill in design are apparent in the work of many of our designers: Dwiggins takes an old idea—the stencil—and evolves a whole new range of geometric *motifs* derived from the craft of machine-design—"gestures in space that imply duration, stress, movement," as Paul Beaujon (one of the few people to realize Dwiggins's contribution) said in an appreciation in the *Fleuron*. Type as type has been worked to death by printers who are not designers: Dwiggins uses type as the French do—as a sort of necessary evil on the page, but with this exception, that the limitations of the American printer and his own taste compel him to use reasonably good type!

So here we have a book unlike any other which I have seen. Wells supplies the text—an account of a marvellous time machine. Dwiggins takes from the terribly exigent product of the machine-designer's drawing board the essential whirls and curves and plane surfaces, and combines them into decorative spots of color to enliven the text. And to vary whatever monotony is left—and that is not much—he adds pictures in color. He is not too successful with the human figure—though these pictures show a good deal of advance over the primitive men and women of his earlier work—but I think the very distortions of these figures is in key with the text and the pattern designs.

So if this book offends by its novelty, it is a good thing. It should help to rejuvenate American style. It will possibly point the way for a release from our preoccupation with historic ornament, and ugly as machine *motifs* are, it may suggest a fresh approach to the subject of decorative design. It is novel, sharp, imaginative: it knows where it is going: it is the antithesis of such maudlin blindness as produced the building for the New School of Social Research. At worst it is not dull, not boresome, not antiquarian. R.

The House of Dawks

ICHABOD DAWKS AND HIS NEWS-LETTER. By STANLEY MORISON. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1931. $7.50.

THE first English newspapers appeared in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, but they led a precarious life for many years, and they were at first but brief accounts of the doings in foreign parts. By the last quarter of the century these early news books, as they are properly called, had given way to something resembling our ideas of newspapers.

Dawks is the name of a family of booksellers and printers who practised their craft in London during the seventeenth century and later. The younger Thomas Dawks was honored with the title of "His Majesty's Printer for the British Language" in 1676. Ichabod Dawks, "honest Ichabod" as Steele called him, and the best known member of the family, published *Dawks's News-Letter* on the evenings of Post nights (i.e., Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday) from 1696 to 1716. For this periodical a special script type in imitation of handwriting was used, the matrices of which have recently been identified. Mr. Morison's account of the Dawkses, based upon a family diary which he lately discovered, enlarges at several points our knowledge of their respective careers, and, in the case of Ichabod, demonstrates the character of his contribution to the progress of English journalism.

The book is illustrated with type facsimiles, line blocks, and nine pages of collotype facsimiles of news-letters.

R.

A fine copy of the first edition of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" fetched $450 at a recent sale in New York. A "first" of "Waverley" went for $900, and a letter written by Byron to his old school friend, W. Harness, for $475.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WE still find ourself lamenting the new format of *Scribner's Magazine*. Even granted motives of economy, who could have foreseen that this essentially dignified periodical could possibly turn into anything so cheap and sensational looking? Yet we open the February number to a short novel by *Edith Wharton*. There is a good article on American Art by *Thomas Craven*. Perhaps the contribution most nearly approaching true literature is one of a brace of sonnets by *Marjorie Allen Seiffert*. Her name, of course, is not placed on the cover—among such eminents as *Edward A. Filene* and *L. M. Hughes*—because she is merely a poet. (Good for filler material, but not really the big, big stuff!) Gazing again upon that cover and upon the entire unsuitability of the format to the nature of the magazine's contributions, we can but wonder what long-drawn-out and heavy conferences ever produced such a monstrosity of magazine-making. The ways of editors are infinitely rich and strange. . . .

Compare, for instance, the whole arrangement of the *Forum*, after which *Scribner's* now appears frantically to be running. It is actually as different as day from night and entirely effective. Well, anyway, *Scribner's* first printed *Hemingway* in any bulk! . . .

We sat up late the other night finishing *Aldous Huxley's* "Brave New World," which we found most amusingly horrifying. We discussed it sometime later at tea with those who didn't seem to get the drift of his Swiftian satire. It is not a profound book, but it juggles what certain aspects of Soviet Russia portend, and takes off rather neatly certain aspects of the later *H. G. Wells*. It brings up the question again of human happiness. *Ex cathedra*, we ourself should say that human happiness is not the be-all and end-all of existence. Hang on to what you've got, but don't expect to get much of it, as your imagination may sometimes paint it! It wouldn't be good for you anyway. Living entirely for happiness makes one spiritually ill. No one sees more shrewdly than Huxley that what *Don Marquis* has called "The Almost-Perfect State" might easily result in a lot of animalistic robots under a sickening paternalism. It is fortunate, we feel, that such a system, even if eventually possible, must necessarily be a long, long time in approaching. Meanwhile we ourself regard many of the checks and hindrances of modern existence as rather salutary—if anyone could only evolve an economic system that would really work! . . .

Carolyn Wells's collection of "The Best American Mystery Stories of the Year—Volume Two (1932)," published by the John Day Company, contains one particular tale, "The Body of the Crime," by *Wilbur Daniel Steele*, which proves once more that Mr. Steele is one of our few first-flight short-story writers. We found it absorbing. . . .

We are glad to see that Alfred A. Knopf is bringing out in book form *Joel Sayre's* "Rackety Rax," a story which appeared in *The American Mercury* and which is the most uproarious satire on modern racketeering that we have read. This same Joel Sayre is a considerable portent in modern American letters. . . .

One of the recent good things captured by *Charles Hanson Towne* for the *New York American's* book page was an article on *Vachel Lindsay* by *G. K. Chesterton*, a really fine tribute and an understanding. . . .

The Roman Press of 27 Park Place, this city, publish "The Cocktail Wheel," of which we possess a copy, and which we have found to be a delightful if sometimes erring guide. But one day lately a pleasant old gentleman with a significantly red nose entered a downtown Doubleday, Doran bookshop and asked "How much for the wheel in the window?" This strange request refered to a gigantic photostat display of "The Cocktail Wheel." Evidently this Great Gatsby was brewing a party, and a large party at that! . . .

The New Republic announces a Writing Contest open only to college students, with prizes of $50 each awarded for the best Editorial (1,000 words), Article (2,000 words maximum), Short Sketch (1,000 words), and Book Review (of any book published since January 1, 1932; 1,000 words) suitable for publication in *The New Republic*. The contest closes April 1, 1932. Any undergraduate in an American college or university is eligible to compete. The winning manuscripts will be published in *The New Republic*, and the editors reserve the right to buy at the regular space rate any non-prize-winning contribution. Contestants may submit manuscripts in more than one of the classifications. The judges will be the Editors of *The New Republic*. Manuscripts should be addressed: Contest Editor, *The New Republic*, 421 West 21st Street, New York, N. Y. . . .

The death of *Lytton Strachey* at the age of fifty comes to us as a shock. His fame is secure as a genuinely great biographer. We need those other works he might have given to the world. He is one of the few literary men of his time concerning the merit of whose work there is no difference of opinion. He started, in fact, a whole new school of biography. . . .

Frances Frost contributes to this department the following poem which we are extremely glad to print:

PARK AVENUE CAT

This was a thing the saints never knew:
By the Church of Saint Bartholomew,
Lean and lanky, there he sat—
A dusky, gold-eyed gentleman cat.
Proud, aloof, and pondering evil,
Consort of witches and the devil,
On Saturday at half-past two,
He sat and stared at Park Avenue.

Cat of a pent-house, son of the city,
He was rich in scorn and poor in pity.
He had paraded up and down
This peacock street of a soaring town,
All day he had listened while doormen muttered
Tales of brokers egged-and-buttered,
All day he had heard how the glittering ladies
Raised publicly their private hades.

Doormen's legs are splendid and braided:
He rubbed them well as he paraded.
Scanning the motors where pretty creatures
Embarked with furs and lifted features,
He applauded his own unerring taste
For feminine cats with slender waists,
For cats with small, swift feet that flew
At midnight down Park Avenue.

Now his whiskers twitched, his eyes were bright
With the memories of Friday night;
But the end of the week yields a better day
For sin, when there's only the devil to pay.
Near R.K.A.'s unhallowed steeple,
From Bartholomew's steps, he watched the people.
Toward the Waldorf cliffs he suddenly turned,
And his black tail lashed and his gold eyes burned.

In the fenced-in yard at the right of the church,
Somebody left a tree in the lurch,
And it grows there, slanted and scrawny and small,
Crouched 'neath the Waldorf mountain-wall.
And the gentleman cat, his fur awry,
Went up like a shot and yowled at the sky,
And shook the tree and grinned with mirth
And sniffed at the folk on the common earth.

Decorous and meek and mild,
Innocent as a month-old child,
Freed of his humor's violent taint,
Angelic as a new-made-saint,
The gentlemen cat, his black fur flat,
On the steps of Saint Bartholomew's sat,
And pious and prim, if a little rude,
Stared at the passing multitude.

The afternoon wore on toward three,
And still he sat there delicately,
His whiskers calm on his rakish face,
In keeping with the hour and place.
His tail was wound round his lanky feet,
His golden eyes were great and sweet
As he gazed toward the spot where the sky begins,
Thought of Saturday night and his coming sins.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

M-E-R-M-A-I-D

(An Advertisement Appropriately Long and Slender)

SOME ingenious or idle person, toying with logarithms on a New York telephone, discovered that by dialling the word *Mermaid* you get the Time-Girl, mysterious goddess of our perishable hodiernity.

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In all the graphics about the Publishing Industry and B.V.D. (Books Very Depressed) we observe nothing said of literature as man's noblest passion, the immortality of the race. We have often wondered whether Mr. Cheney of the Industrial Survey ever climbs our humble gazebo. But *Saturday Review* subscribers understand without reminder that books are something more and deeper than an erring industry.

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